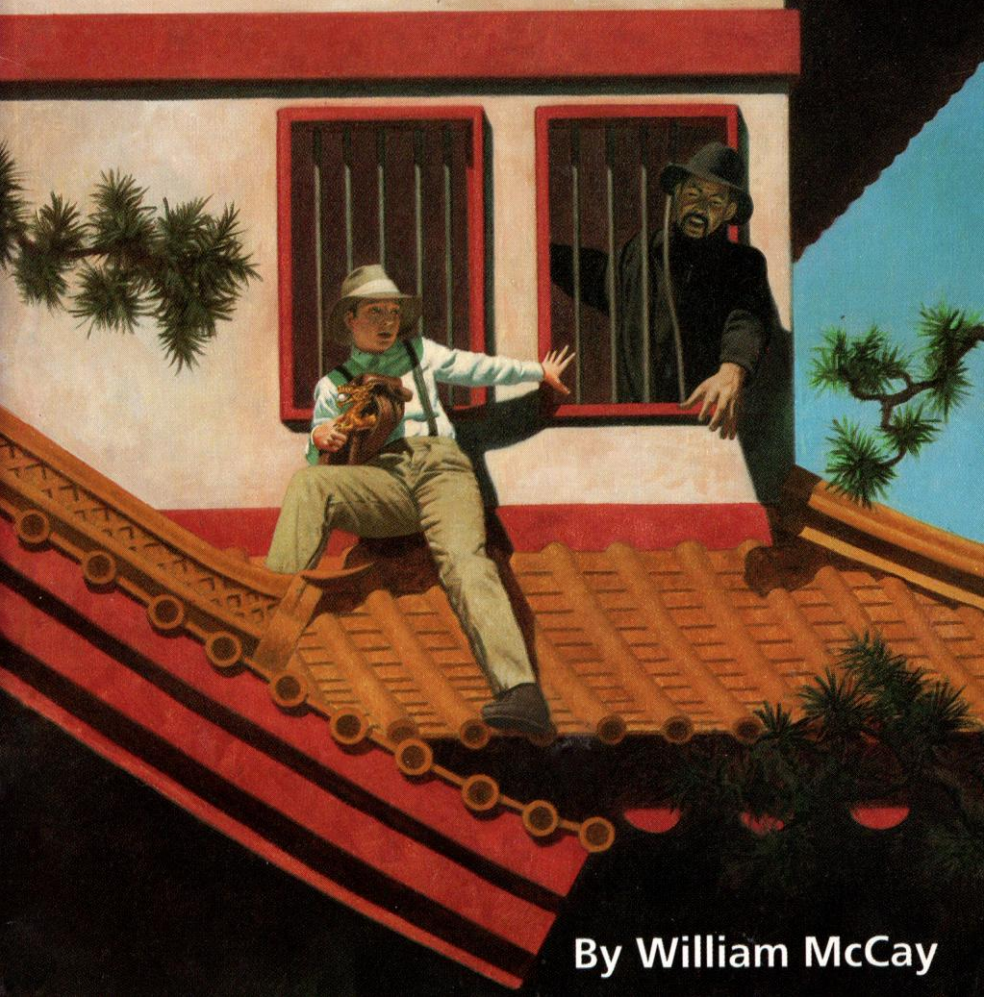


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and the
FACE OF THE DRAGON



By William McCay

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Bullseye Books

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YOUNG
INDIANA JONES
and the
FACE OF THE DRAGON

Chapter 1

The bow of the *China Maid* bucked slightly as it cut through the water. Young Indiana Jones sighed. The Pacific Ocean seemed to have an endless supply of waves.

In the weeks since the small steamship set sail from San Francisco, Indy had often stood in the front of the boat, staring toward the horizon. Ahead of them, getting closer every day, was China.

“Hey there, lad! Making sure we stay on course?” a cheerful voice bellowed over the chugging of the freighter’s engines.

Indy turned and greeted Sergeant Nat Warrick. As usual, the old soldier wore a perfectly tailored khaki uniform. “We must be pretty close—they’re expecting landfall tomorrow.”

"I know." Indy pointed to something floating ahead of them on the water. "See? Bamboo."

The older man squinted, running a hand through his close-cropped gray hair. "Sharp eyes, son. We could have used a few like you back when we were chasing Geronimo."

Warrick had joined the army back in 1885 and had taken part in some of the last Indian fighting. Now, in 1914, his war stories entertained the passengers during their weeks at sea.

"Haven't spent this much time on the water since '98," Warrick said. "That's when we sailed off to take Manila from the Spanish."

"But surely you've been home since the Spanish-American War," said Indy.

Warrick shook his grizzled head. "First I fought the Dons. Then rebels and pirates—our little brown brothers in the Philippines. Next I got sent off to fight the heathen Chinese."

Indy winced at the old soldier's mocking talk about Filipino and Chinese people. Indy had visited China as a child, and owed his

life to a Chinese folk doctor—one of the “heathens” Warrick was making fun of. The man told great stories, but he had no respect for other sorts of people.

“That was back in 1900,” the sergeant went on. “There was this bunch of Chinamen, a secret society, that called themselves Boxers ‘cause they fought with their hands. Wanted to throw all the civilized people out of China.”

Indy groaned to himself. Even Warrick had to know that Chinese civilization was older than the West’s.

The story continued. “The Boxers killed a lot of white folks till the International Relief Force came to the rescue. Yanks, Brits, Frenchies, Germans, Russians, and more—we marched in and showed the Chinamen a thing or two. Since then, I’ve been based in Shanghai, guarding American warehouses.” Warrick sighed. “Until this leave, I hadn’t been back in the good old U.S. of A. in sixteen years.”

“Sixteen *years!*” Indy exclaimed. He himself was only fifteen. The sergeant had been away longer than Indy had been alive!

“So what did you think of San Francisco after all that time?” he asked.

Warrick shrugged. “The town I remember must have been shaken down in that earthquake back in ‘06. China is my home now. Even the Army thinks so—I’m supposed to teach the young fellas shipping out with me about living in Shanghai. The officers call me an old China hand. When I tell stories, even they stand around listening with their mouths open.”

Indy carefully shut his mouth as Warrick went on. “I guess I’ll end my days on guard duty in Shanghai, unless the Army shifts me someplace else. But I don’t think that will happen, as long as we stay out of the fighting in Europe.”

The war that had broken out in Europe four months ago was the reason Indy and his father were heading for Asia. France, Belgium, England, and Russia had squared off against Germany and Austria-Hungary, plunging the entire continent into battle. Almost all of the great libraries and collections of medieval literature were in the war zone. Since Indy’s father was a professor who studied the writings of the Middle

Ages, this meant he was cut off from his sources.

But Professor Jones wasn't about to let a war stop his research. He could still study one of the most fascinating works to come out of the Middle Ages: *The Travels of Marco Polo*. In the year 1271, Marco Polo left Venice with his uncles and journeyed to China on a trading expedition. He met the Mongol emperor, Kublai Khan, worked for him, and didn't get home until 1295. For centuries, his book had been the main source Europeans turned to if they wanted to learn about China.

Now Professor Jones was traveling to China to search the imperial records for any mentions of Marco Polo. After their landfall at Tsingtao (Indy had practiced the pronunciation with his father: ching-DOW), they would board a train to Peking, some three hundred miles to the northwest. The wandering Chinese railroads would add at least a hundred miles to their journey. But finally they would arrive at the capital and the imperial archives.

There, Professor Jones would be able to root around among ancient pieces of paper

while Indy continued the studies he'd begun on the ocean voyage. He was learning to read Chinese. The language didn't have an alphabet. Instead, it had thousands upon thousands of symbols, called characters, that stood for individual words. Indy needed to know about five thousand of them just to read a newspaper.

If the hours of memorizing on the ship were anything to go by, Indy could expect a lot of long, boring work in Peking. Even so, he found himself looking forward to landfall. On his earlier visit, he hadn't spent much time in a Chinese city. Judging by some of the stories Nat Warrick had told, they could be pretty exciting places.

As Indy and Warrick stood in the ship's bow, a sudden cold breeze gusted in their faces. Indy grabbed for his fedora hat, shivering a little.

"That's the problem with Tsingtao and North China," Warrick said. "As winter comes closer, so do the winds from Siberia. They'll be freezing by the time there's snow on the ground. Though I hope we won't have to worry about snow in November."

The wind blew more strongly, and as it

did, a faint noise came to their ears—a dull booming.

“Thunder?” Indy said, peering into the sky for clouds.

“I’ve heard that sound before,” Warrick said, getting a little concerned. “That’s cannon fire—big guns. Tsingtao is a German colony, and a base for their navy. We may be heading into a scrap.”

Indy had been beating his hands against his arms to drive away the chill. Now he stopped, his eyes widening as he caught movement in the distance. “There’s a ship out there.”

Warrick leaned against the rail and squinted. “Wish I’d brought my binoculars,” he said. “My eyes aren’t what they used to be.”

The ship came closer. Indy could see four funnels on the low-slung craft as it moved swiftly to cross their path. “It looks like a destroyer.”

“The big question is, from what country?” Warrick stirred uneasily. “Could be German, or it could be British or French.”

They got an answer soon enough as a flag rose on the destroyer’s mast. It wasn’t the

German cross, but a blood-red circle on a white background, with red rays streaking to the edges of the banner.

"Japanese," Warrick said. "A little far out of their territory."

"They're sending us a message," Indy said as a flock of signal flags went up the mast. Beneath his feet, the chugging of the *China Maid's* engines ceased.

Moments later, a small boat set off from the destroyer to the steamship. Two Japanese sailors in dark blue uniforms soon boarded the *China Maid*, rifles in their hands. Then a young officer, a single gold bar on the sleeve of his uniform jacket, climbed aboard. Indy rushed to the middle of the ship, Warrick at his elbow.

The *China Maid's* captain, a big, fat man who'd shaved only four times since the ship set out, came stumbling down from the wheelhouse. He was trying to pull on a worn old officer's coat, and a scowl was set over his stubbled face.

"Listen, you," the captain cried angrily. "What's the idea of stopping us in international waters? We're a peaceful trading ship—"

"Heading to the port of an enemy of my country," the Japanese officer cut him off with perfect English. "Perhaps you are not aware that we entered the war against Germany on August 23. Allied forces are blockading Tsingtao. We suggest you detour to Wei-hai-wei" he pronounced it WAY-away—"the nearest British-controlled port."

"And if I don't?" the fat-faced captain sneered.

The Japanese officer's face might have been carved from stone. "If you disregard our warning, we shall sink your ship."

"How dare you threaten me? I'll take this up with the American consul—"

"As long as you do so in Wei-hai-wei," the Japanese officer told him. He headed back to the rail as his seamen prepared to cast off their boat.

The captain of the *China Maid* gazed after him, his face now pale. Silently, he returned to the wheelhouse. The engines started up, and the steamer changed course.

Indy turned to speak to Warrick, only to discover that the sergeant was gone. Instead, Professor Henry Jones was approaching, his glasses in one hand, a book in the other.

"Junior, why did we stop?" he demanded, frowning behind his graying beard.

Indy sighed. His father had been in a bad mood ever since the war had cut him off from his precious European libraries. It had shown in a million ways, from the professor's zeal in pushing Indy's studies to his habit of continually calling Indy "Junior"—not even "Henry."

Well, now Dad will have something new to complain about, Indy thought.

"It's the war, Dad," he explained. "The Japanese are blockading Tsingtao."

Professor Jones stared at the Japanese destroyer. "Whatever for?" he asked.

"Tsingtao is a German treaty port," Indy said. "I guess the Japanese want to take it over." He sighed again. His father could probably identify every kingdom in Europe in the year 1090. But he was utterly lost in 1914 politics.

"We're being diverted to Wei-hai-wei," Indy added.

His father blinked in confusion. "Way away where?"

Indy took a deeper breath and began to explain.

Chapter 2

The *China Maid* didn't reach Wei-hai-wei until the next morning. Indy's heart sank at his first view of the city.

Dark stormclouds loomed threateningly over the rough highlands beyond the town. A small cluster of European-style brick and stone buildings, some as tall as six stories, huddled together at the waterfront. They were surrounded by a disorderly swarm of shorter, shabbier Chinese houses. The main impression Indy got was of cinnamon-colored mud. It seemed to be everywhere—on the hillsides, in the streets, even staining the water of the harbor.

Indy glanced over at Nat Warrick, who had already brought his kit bag up on deck.

Several other American soldiers had joined him.

"Have you ever been here?" Indy asked the grizzled sergeant.

Warrick shook his head. "This burg was one of the last land-grabs the Brits forced out of the old imperial Chinese government. It's sure no Shanghai. I guess the trade isn't too profitable up here. But the Brits wanted a naval base." He nodded at the warships anchored at the docks.

"They got worried when the kaiser got Tsingtao to the south, and the czar got Port Arthur to the north. They needed someplace to fly the Union Jack." Warrick pointed at a bedraggled British flag hanging limply from a pole at the head of a dock.

The sergeant peered shrewdly at the approaching town. "But you can bet your boots that business is pretty brisk now—between the war and the flooding."

"Flooding?" Indy said.

"Why do you think the water's brown?" Warrick asked. "The soil must be washing out to sea. And I'd say that storm brewing up in the hills is going to wash away some more."

A small motor launch set out from the docks. Very soon a pilot had arrived on board to steer the *China Maid* into port. He was a British officer, and was greeted by the ship's captain, who was still unshaven and seemed even more harassed.

Found a passenger dead this morning," he told the pilot. "Murdered."

Indy's ears perked up. He peered around Warrick.

"Indeed?" the pilot said. "Shall we signal for an investigation?"

The captain shrugged. "He was just a Chinaman. Boarded in San Francisco, apparently trying to get back home."

"Ah," the pilot said. "No need, then."

Indy didn't even realize he'd stepped forward to protest until his elbow was grabbed. "Might as well save your breath," Nat Warrick said in a low voice. "Hereabouts, there's a little thing called extraterritoriality. Chinese law doesn't apply in the treaty ports. Life is cheap here, son. Just this morning, I bet there are a good dozen people lying dead in the streets of that town."

"So we should forget there was a murder on this ship?" Indy glared as the captain

and pilot headed for the wheelhouse.

"At least this poor Chinese will be buried," Warrick said with a shrug.

"But a man was murdered!" Indy cried.

Indy's outburst was heard by one of the Chinese crewmen bringing out the Joneses' luggage. The sailor paused and turned to him. "Very bad," he said, glancing around nervously. "Killed with hatchet. Maybe to do with tongs."

Indy had read about the tongs, the secret societies that had come with the Chinese immigrants to America. Tongs were supposed to rule the Chinatowns in New York and San Francisco.

A chill ran down Indy's spine. Their ship *had* left from San Francisco. Suppose the dead passenger had been fleeing trouble? How terrible to be murdered just before reaching home!

The ship had almost come to the docks when Professor Jones appeared on deck, carrying a heavy bag filled with his precious books. "Ready to land, Junior?" he asked.

Then he frowned. "We'll have to find someplace to stay. I had letters of introduc-

tion to a Mr. Soong in Tsingtao. He would have put us up, I'm sure. But this town, Wei-hai-wei ... well, I know no one here."

A large crowd of Chinese had gathered on the dock as the ship came near. There were boat loaders and several men with carts. Porters shouted in Chinese and broken English that they were ready to carry any luggage.

Indy glanced at the two heavy trunks and several suitcases belonging to the Joneses. They would need a wagon. Maybe the driver could tell them of somewhere to stay. He hadn't used his Chinese in several years, but he could make out some of what the people were saying.

From the corner of his eye, Indy saw two crewmen carry a still form wrapped in a blanket up from the hold of the ship. This had to be the murdered man. All of a sudden, Indy couldn't wait to get off the ship. He didn't like the idea of staying with a dead body.

As soon as the gangplank was down, he dug out a few dollars and gave them to a couple of crewmen. "Will you help move our

luggage?" he asked. The seamen seized the trunks and bags. Soon they and the Joneses were heading for shore.

The crowd surged toward them. Indy saw a couple of familiar—faces sailors from the *China Maid*—talking with some waterfront types. But he couldn't hear anything except the shouted word "Cumshaw!"

Pushing among the porters and dock workers were the beggars of Wei-hai-wei, scarecrowlike figures dressed in rags, their hands held out desperately. The word they shouted meant "thank you" in a Chinese dialect. But it was a plea for money from the rich foreigners. To a Chinese beggar, any foreigner—even a poor professor—seemed incredibly wealthy.

Indy remembered Nat Warrick's advice. "Give to one, and you'll have to give to all. And nobody can satisfy all the beggars in China." So Indy kept his head down, trying not to look into the beggars' faces. Some of them were just little kids!

Glancing back at his father, Indy could see the shock in Professor Jones's eyes. The beggars closed in around them, clutching at their sleeves, voices getting louder.

Indy noticed something else—a smaller, apparently better-fed group of beggars had surrounded the crewmen who were handling the Joneses' luggage. Now they grabbed for the bags, trusting to the confusion of the mob to cover their actions.

"Hey! Stop!" Indy fumbled for a second, trying to remember the Chinese word for "thief." He yelled at the top of his lungs, pushing through the crowd, trying to foil the robbery.

Indy's cries got some attention. A burly, broad-faced Asian man in a patched quilt jacket stopped trying to wrestle a trunk away from a crewman. Instead, he whipped a foot-long knife from under his jacket and whirled on Indy. The beggars who had crowded the way disappeared as if by magic. All Indy could see was the knife and the menacing face behind it. A scar ran from the bridge of the man's nose across his right cheek, and he wore a mustache whose ends trailed two inches below his lips.

"On the double!" a voice roared across the hubbub on the dock. The man with the knife looked toward the *China Maid* in dismay. Indy stole a glimpse and saw Nat War-

rick charging down the gangplank, a heavy hammer in his hand. Behind him thundered the other American soldiers who'd been on board, joined by some crewmen. They started beating the tar out of the would-be thieves.

Indy's attacker took in the situation, scowled, and shouted something in a deep, raspy voice. The knife disappeared beneath his jacket, then he and his friends vanished into the crowd.

"Can't trust the heathen Chinees," Warrick said, stopping beside Indy and his father. "They'll lift anything they can get their hands on. You've got to keep an eye out."

Indy had to agree—at least about keeping a sharp eye.

The beggars started coming back until Warrick shook his hammer and shouted something at them. Then he beckoned to one of the men with a donkey cart and supervised the loading of the Joneses' luggage. "We're staying at the Whangpoo Palace. I'd guess it's no palace, but the crewmen say it's clean and reasonable."

That sounded fine to Indy and his father.

They followed the cart, accompanied by the soldiers, to a five-story building at the edge of the European part of town. Indy could easily mark the border. A block farther away, the pavement just ceased. The road became a muddy, swampy lane faced by ramshackle Chinese houses.

The Joneses were able to get a room on the second floor. Indy looked around their bare but clean quarters and began stacking their luggage.

"I'll have to inquire about the best way to reach Peking," Professor Jones said. "Perhaps we can get a steamer to Tientsin—"

Indy interrupted his father with a gasp. He'd opened his trunk to adjust the contents and discovered something inside it that didn't belong.

"What is it, Junior?" the professor asked.

"M-maybe I found out why those guys tried to steal our luggage," Indy stammered.

His hands trembled as he held out a small statue that gleamed in the dim sunlight coming through the window. It was about a foot long and looked like a snake—except for the short legs. Its back was bent

nearly into an S-curve. The creature had a lizard's head, with beardlike streamers flowing from its lower jaw. The whole statuette was made of gold, with gems studded down its back.

And in the statue's mouth was the biggest pearl Indy had ever seen!

Chapter 3

“Fascinating!” Professor Jones exclaimed, admiring the heft of the golden statue. “It’s a *lung*—can you translate?”

“That’s Chinese for ‘dragon,’” Indy said promptly.

“Correct.” His father nodded. “From the workmanship, I’d say this could date back to the Tang Dynasty more than a thousand years ago.”

Trust Dad to get stuck in the scholarly side of things, Indy said to himself. “The real question is, Dad, how did it wind up in my trunk?”

Indy thought a moment—and shuddered.

“Gee, you don’t think this dragon is the reason that man got killed on the boat?”

Professor Jones looked up from the

dragon statue in surprise. "I don't see how you can make that connection."

"Suppose the man was smuggling this statue. When our ship was stopped by the destroyer, he got scared that we'd be searched. He decided to hide the dragon—somewhere a search party might hesitate to go poking. Like a trunk in the cabin of a respectable American professor."

"But that would mean he'd have to enter our cabin. And no one..."—the professor hesitated for a moment—"ah."

Indy looked at his father. "Ah,' what?"

"I was going to say no one went into our cabin," Professor Jones admitted. "But someone did. At the time, I thought it was one of the stewards. I was sitting outside reading and paid little attention."

Indy had to hide a smile. He knew only too well what his father was like when he got his nose in a book. "So he could have walked right past you and hidden the dragon in my trunk."

"But why would he have the dragon in the first place?" Professor Jones asked in puzzlement. "I mean, smuggling it *into* China instead of out of the country?"

"I don't know," Indy had to admit.

His father shook his head. "A great deal of your theory depends on words like 'could have' and 'suppose,'" he said. "It also sounds suspiciously like something from one of those dreadful dime novels you're so fond of buying."

Indy scowled. Dad always had something negative to say about the adventure magazines Indy liked. Of course, the professor's idea of a good read was "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" in the original Anglo-Norman!

Professor Jones paid no attention to the look on his son's face. "It's unfortunate we couldn't land in Tsingtao and meet Mr. Soong. Several colleagues spoke highly of him. He's a businessman with quite a reputation for collecting Chinese art. Perhaps he could shed a little light on this."

"Well, he's in enemy territory now." Indy sighed.

At that moment, there was a knock at the door. Indy quickly hid the statue behind his back as his father went to answer.

A young Chinese man in a Western-style suit stood in the doorway and bowed. "Does

this unworthy one have the pleasure of addressing the honorable Professor Jones?" he asked in perfect English.

"Why, ah, yes," Indy's father said in surprise.

"I bring a message from my master," the young man said, handing a scroll to the professor.

"It's from Mr. Soong!" Indy's father exclaimed as he read. "Apparently he's moved from Tsingtao to Wei-hai-wei. He has a villa on the edge of town, and he's inviting us to see him."

"My master would be pleased if you could accompany me now," the young servant added.

"A capital idea," Professor Jones said.

"I shall make the necessary arrangements." The young man bowed and started down the stairs.

Professor Jones stood in the doorway gazing after the servant. "Well! That was certainly a timely invitation—just when we needed advice."

"What luck," Indy agreed. He looked around the room. There was no place to put valuables, and he didn't want to leave the

golden dragon with the man who ran the hotel.

While his father went down the hall to wash up, Indy dug his old leather book bag out of his trunk. Wrapping the statue in an old shirt, he stashed it in the bag and slipped the leather strap over his shoulder.

"Ready to go?" his father asked, coming back into the room.

When they arrived downstairs, Soong's servant, who gave his name as Lim, was waiting with two rickshaws. These were lightweight passenger carts pulled not by animals, but by people. Years before, Indy had ridden through the streets of Peking in such vehicles. But the rickshaw men here were painfully scrawny and dressed in rags.

Lim rode with Indy, shouting at the driver to move faster. That was no easy job on the muddy roads. They went through the crooked streets of the Chinese part of town and into the suburbs, where the houses were cleaner and larger.

"Here we are!" Lim finally said. They stopped before the red-painted gates of a large house that mixed Western and Chinese architecture. Between the gleaming white

stucco of the first and second stories, a graceful red-tiled roof swept out in an overhang.

"Looks like Mr. Soong is doing all right," Indy said, studying the villa.

"My master is a comprador, as the foreign traders call him. He does much business," Lim said proudly.

That's just a fancy name for a middleman, Indy thought. This guy arranges deals between Chinese and Westerners and makes a profit off both.

A pair of hulking gatekeepers hauled open the doors in the stucco walls. The rickshaws rattled down a shadowy passage, then emerged into an open courtyard. As Indy stepped down from the vehicle, he realized the entryway they'd passed through was topped by several rooms.

The Joneses followed Lim across the garden enclosed in the villa's courtyard. Indy looked in amazement at the quiet beauty of miniature hills covered in flowers and pools filled with brightly colored fish.

A man stood by a picturesque tree shading one of the pools. He wore the plain black robe of a scholar. His gray hair was

brushed straight back, and a wispy beard dangled inches below his chin. He had a lean, handsome face, with eyes full of wisdom, dignity, and cunning.

Stepping up to Professor Jones, the man clasped both hands and bowed deeply. "My home is honored to host so great a scholar," Mr. Soong said in English.

Indy's father bowed back. "It was most kind of you to invite us," he said. "Although I'm sure my writings would be of little interest."

"Do not be so modest," Soong replied. "I have read your commentaries on King Arthur with great enjoyment." The businessman smiled. "Unlike many of my people, I study the Western classics as well as the Chinese."

Professor Jones beamed. Then his face became serious. "We had thought you were trapped in Tsingtao, and didn't expect to find you here. How did you come to Weihai-wei? And how did you know we were here?"

Soong became serious too. "I have business connections in both cities. When Japan declared war, I could see which way the

wind was blowing. There were four thousand German troops in Tsingtao against six times that number of Japanese."

Indy guessed he understood. It was good business to go with the victors. Then why did Soong remind him of a rat deserting a sinking ship?

"I believe the Allies will win this war," Soong went on. "So I came to this town—a rather small town, where word of new visitors spreads quickly. Especially," he added with a smile, "when a brawl marks their arrival."

"I don't understand the reason for that—ah, outburst," Professor Jones confessed. "Although it may be connected with a golden dragon that my son found hidden in our luggage."

Soong's eyebrows rose. "Indeed?"

"Apparently it was being smuggled back into this country," the professor went on.

"Possible," Soong said. "The dragon was an imperial symbol, and the emperor was known as The Face of the Dragon.' Even though the child emperor Pu Yi has been forced to step down, there are those who would see him back on the throne. For such

men, the *lung* would be a powerful emblem, able to stir many people to their cause. Did this dragon have five toes on its feet?"

Indy almost glanced into his book bag. "I think so," he said.

Soong didn't even look at him, merely nodded his head. "Another imperial sign."

"Well, that makes things easy," Indy said. "We'll just give it back to the emperor."

"But the emperor no longer rules China," Soong pointed out, finally turning his dark, deep-set eyes on the boy.

"Perhaps we can present the statue to the new government," Professor Jones suggested. "I'm sure President Sun Yat-sen will know what to do."

Sun Yat-sen. Of course! Indy had heard of him. American newspapers were calling him "the George Washington of China."

Soong smiled gently. "I see that news travels slowly across the ocean. After our revolution of 1911 pushed the child emperor off his throne, Sun Yat-sen was indeed elected president of the new democratic government. But I fear the honorable Dr. Sun has stepped aside."

"What!" said Professor Jones.

"It was a question of politics," Soong explained. "Two years ago, to avoid all-out civil war, a deal was made with the imperial army. General Yuan Shih-kai was named president. He plans, I fear, to become dictator. He dissolved the parliament, and Sun Yat-sen had to flee to Japan."

The professor looked distressed. "Then perhaps the local government should have the dragon."

Soong shook his head. "China is going through very harsh times. Secret societies are plotting, factions are fighting. What government we have comes at the point of a bayonet. The local military governor is a very corrupt man. He would doubtless steal the statue."

"There must be someone who could protect the dragon. A university or museum, perhaps?"

"I will think hard on the question. In the meantime, however, let me offer you the safety of my home. You have been attacked once already. I want you to be protected as we discuss our plans."

"We don't want to put you to any trouble," Professor Jones protested.

"No trouble at all," Soong assured him. "I will send servants to collect your things."

Soon afterward, Indy was leaning against a window sill in a second-floor bedroom. "Mr. Soong must really worry about burglars," he said. "There are bars outside the windows."

"I hate to admit it, but that makes me feel safer," said his father. "With that roof overhang below us, it's easy to climb up here."

"That must be our stuff," Indy said, seeing a cart coming up the road from town. Several of Mr. Soong's servants stood on it with the trunks and bags. One man, dressed in a Chinese quilted jacket and a black Western-style fedora, was obviously in charge. He leaped from the wagon to talk to the gate guards.

As he jumped down he took off his hat, revealing a scowl and a long mustache.

Indy gasped. The jacket was new, and so was the hat. But he recognized the man's face. This was the grim, scarred man with the knife who'd menaced him on the dock!

Chapter 4

Indy stepped back from the window. "Dad, I think we've got a problem here."

When Professor Jones heard what the problem was, he rushed over to the door. "Locked," he reported in a hollow voice.

But the door opened in a couple of moments. Mr. Soong and the black-hatted thug barged in. Neither seemed very happy.

"Professor Jones," Soong said in a grim voice, "you have something of ours."

Humph, Indy said to himself. And here we thought the dragon belonged to the emperor, or a museum.

Soong shot a baleful look at his captives as the Joneses remained silent. "The *lung* once belonged to the emperor. But it changed

hands during the Boxer Rebellion. It was looted by Western soldiers from the International Relief Force—”

“Then, somehow, it fell into your hands,” Professor Jones said sarcastically.

“Into the hands of the Green Cloud Society,” Soong corrected him. “I believe I mentioned China’s secret societies.”

Right, Indy thought. You just didn’t mention that you happened to be in one.

“The Green Cloud Society is my responsibility,” Soong said. “If we are to survive these troubled times, we will need modern weapons. This golden statue could pay for many of them. I sent a messenger to sell the dragon in America.”

“Then how did it wind up coming back on our boat?” Indy asked.

Soong sighed. “There are other factions, other societies, with very different aims. Some groups want to put the emperor back on his throne, the poor fools. Sheep!

They’ve been ruled by an emperor for thousands of years, so they think they need an emperor. Although how an eight-year-old child will save them, I do not know. If China

is to be strong, we need guns! Guns and money!"

"So you'd sell your national treasures to get them," Indy said.

The secret society leader nodded. "It is necessary. Unfortunately, others of my countrymen are very, very angry that so many treasures have left our shores. My messenger was intercepted, the statue stolen. It seems the thieves sent it back to China."

Indy glanced at his father. See? I was right, he thought.

"But did your people *have* to kill the returning messenger?" demanded Professor Jones.

"None of my people were involved in the murder," Soong said. "We heard rumors that the statue was aboard only as the *China Maid* docked. A crewmember passed on word that the dead man had been seen going into your cabin."

"So you tried to steal our bags, and when that didn't work, you invited us to your house." The professor frowned. "I don't like people trying to use me."

"I expected things to be resolved in a more civilized manner," Soong said coldly.

"We would recover the statue from your belongings, then tell a tale of being attacked on the way back."

"Instead, you didn't find it."

"Which could result in great pain for you and your son." Soong loomed over Indy. "Where is it?"

The man in the black hat produced his knife. Indy had to think fast. "We left it in the safe at the Whangpoo Palace," he said.

Soong spun toward his number-one thug and rattled away in Chinese. Apparently the thug hadn't checked with the hotel's manager. Scowling even more deeply, Black Hat left the room with Soong on his heels. The door slammed shut, and the Joneses were locked in again.

"Well, that gained us a little time," Indy said.

"When did you go to the manager?" Professor Jones asked.

"I didn't." With a grin, Indy opened his book bag to show the dragon inside. "The problem is, Soong is going to be pretty angry when that big guy gets back. So we've got to be out of here before then."

"But how?" his father asked. "We're

trapped between a locked door and barred windows.”

“Then one or the other will have to give.” Indy searched around to see what tools they could use. But the room was bare except for a beautiful silk hanging that stretched between two bamboo sticks. They, like the bed, were too flimsy to help them break out.

The Joneses went back and forth from door to window, but couldn’t get through either of the barriers. Professor Jones kept looking at his watch. “We can’t have much longer.”

Indy drew the golden dragon out of his bag. To Soong and his crew, it meant money. To others in China, it could be the sign to bring back the emperor, launching another bloody uprising like the Boxer Rebellion. To Indy, it meant trouble, plain and simple.

Stupid thing, he thought. You got us into this mess. Why can’t you get us out?

Professor Jones grasped the endmost iron window bar. “You know, Junior, this one seems a little loose.”

Indy sighed as he rattled the bar. “If only

we had something we could use to pry at it. But I've been all over this room. There are no tools at all."

Professor Jones frowned in thought. He stepped over to the silk hanging and tore it off the wall. He looped the silk around the loose bar and the sturdier one next to it. Then he began twisting the sticks, tightening the loop. Slowly but surely, the silk grew more and more taut. The secure bar didn't move. But with a grating noise, the other bar began to shift, grinding through the crumbly cement.

Indy looked on open-mouthed. Gee, he thought, Dad never gets ideas like these.

The loose bar finally stuck, but as Professor Jones kept tightening the silk loop, the secure bar actually began to bend.

Outside, Indy heard the gate guards shouting greetings. He peered through the window. It was the thug in the black hat, obviously back with an unpleasant report.

"Uh-oh, Dad, time to move!" said Indy.

Professor Jones wrenched the endmost iron bar out of the cement frame. Then he rotated the next bar until its bend made the largest possible opening.

"It may be a tight squeeze for me," he said, eyeing the window doubtfully.

"*Hurry, Dad!*" Indy almost yelled.

The professor pushed himself into the opening in the bars. With Indy shoving from behind, he just made it through. Then he lowered himself onto the strip of red tile roof that overhung the first story.

Indy could hear loud, angry voices coming down the hallway outside the bedroom. Quickly he climbed up onto the window sill—and realized he'd left his book bag on the bed!

"I'm not leaving the statue for those guys," Indy muttered. He jumped back down, grabbed the bag, and was heading back to the window when the door flew open.

The scarred thug stood for an instant in surprise when he saw what was going on. Then he made a mad dash for the window—and Indy.

Indy squashed himself between the bars and went sliding down the red tile roof a microsecond ahead of the thug's snatching hands. He landed with a *thump* on the ground below.

Professor Jones helped his son up. "What do you suggest now?" he asked.

"I suggest we run!" Indy said, pointing at the two burly gate guards who were coming their way.

They raced down the muddy road back to Wei-hai-wei, with the guards close behind. Within moments, their pursuers had reinforcements, led by the scarred Chinese thug in the black fedora.

Indy's heart rose as they reached the edge of town. But the presence of witnesses didn't slow down Black Hat and his men. They continued chasing the Joneses, waving knives. If they'd been in the Western part of the city, that might have been a problem. But here in Chinese Wei-hai-wei, the citizens just got out of the way.

Professor Jones was beginning to puff a bit. They could keep running, Indy knew, but where? They stood out too much on the main road. He grabbed his father's arm and steered them into a side street.

Off the wider road, they soon found themselves running through a maze of narrow, winding, filthy lanes. Tiny shops squeezed against each other, each with a

banner in Chinese announcing what it sold. One shop gave Indy a chill. Tiny cages full of barking dogs were piled up on the street, and on the banner-sign Indy glimpsed a character he recognized:



It was the word for “food.”

He led his father onward, making random turns as they came to street corners. But still he heard the sounds of pursuit. They’d have to lose those thugs somewhere—and fast!

Ahead, Indy saw a ramshackle collection of larger buildings, all leaning together. Maybe we can ditch those guys in there, he thought.

“Come on, Dad,” he called. But when he glanced over his shoulder, Professor Jones wasn’t in sight. Frantically, Indy began searching. He found the professor about twenty feet behind him, around a crooked corner, examining a statue set outside one of the shops.

“You know, Junior, I believe this is a genuine—”

Indy wanted to smack him. Instead, he simply gasped, "Later—those guys are still after us!" Together, they darted for the nearest building.

It appeared to be some sort of warehouse from the outside, but inside it was full of men. They immediately swung around and glared at the intruders. One man, thin and with a weasel face, looked vaguely familiar. Then Indy recognized him as one of the beggars on the docks.

The beggar recognized the Joneses as well. He pointed at them, yelling, "Thousand Foxes! Here are the thieves with our *lung*! Seize it! Kill them! Bring back the emperor!"

The crowd took up the cry. "Death to the foreign devils! Hu Sing commands!"

Indy didn't need to translate the yells to realize he and his father were in trouble. The weapons being whipped out of hiding were clue enough.

Great, Indy thought. We escape one secret society and blunder into the meeting of another!

A glance behind showed Black Hat and his people at the warehouse entrance, cut-

ting off any chance of escape.

Then Indy's eyes grew big. Behind Black Hat's men, another group had suddenly appeared. The newcomers were dressed in mismatched but recognizable military uniforms. They also carried rifles with bayonets.

"Halt, rebels!" an officer shouted in Chinese.

Chapter 5

It was as if the Chinese officer had said a magic word. The secret society members inside the warehouse ran in all directions—and began to vanish. It took Indy a second to realize that there was an advantage in shoddy construction. You could kick emergency exits right through the walls!

“Follow them!” he cried to his father. They raced after a lean rickshaw-puller and darted through a hole in the wall to find themselves in a crooked alleyway. The sky above was cut off by overhanging roofs, and the stink was overwhelming. If the streets were filthy, the back alleys were even worse. Indy groped his way along, trying not to imagine what he was stepping on.

All he could hope was that they wouldn’t

get a bayonet in the back from an overeager soldier—or a knife in the front from a secret society member.

As Indy's eyes got used to the dim light, he realized that most of the buildings backing on the alley didn't have rear doors. There was nowhere to hide. Behind him, he heard bare feet slapping against the muck on the ground. Indy whirled around to find a member of the Thousand Foxes staring at them in surprise.

Before the conspirator could open his mouth to call his friends, Professor Jones rammed a fist right to the man's jaw. The man went down into the liquid filth, out cold.

Indy found himself grinning. That's my pop!

Father and son rounded a corner, and Indy felt a gleam of hope. There still wasn't a door in sight, but the rear wall of the nearest hovel had been built even worse than usual. Warped wooden boards had been nailed together, with gaps large enough to let Indy's fingers through.

Indy grabbed the edge of a thick board and yanked. The wood trembled, and a nail

pulled free with an agonized *creak*. Professor Jones added his strength, and they managed to work the board loose. Ducking through the opening they'd created, the two then pulled the board after them. Indy carefully leaned it in place, hoping it would hide the impromptu entrance.

Seconds later, they heard the sound of footsteps rushing by.

Hah! They missed us! Indy thought gleefully.

He strained his eyes, trying to examine the dark room where he and his father found themselves. He took a step and tripped over a box on the floor. Grabbing onto a dimly seen shelf to regain his balance, his fingers dug into a ball of some gummy, tarry substance.

"Yuck!" Indy said, trying to wipe his hand as he stumbled to the inner doorway.

The next room was larger, its flickering lamps dimmed by a pall of smoke. All the available walls were lined with wooden slabs set up like bunk beds. Thin, sickly men and women lay on the slabs, sucking on long pipes. Sweet, odd-smelling fumes filled the air.

Indy coughed, his eyes tearing.

Professor Jones reeled back with a gasp. "Good heavens!" he cried. "An opium den!"

He stepped in front of Indy. "Avert your eyes, son. This is the curse of the East."

Indy had read about opium dens in some of the adventure tales he liked. They were supposed to be evil haunts where people smoked a powerful drug that made them into slaves. In the stories, opium dens had seemed like exotic places, filled with glamorously sinister people. Indy studied the dingy, dirty, ill-constructed room. It didn't seem very exotic.

"I say, chaps." A voice with a thick English accent cut through the smoke. "Always nice to see a white face."

Indy glanced down. Sprawled across the bunk beside him was the man who'd just spoken. He looked more like a skeleton than a person. The only signs of life were his glittering eyes and his lips, languidly sucking at the end of his opium pipe.

"Rather young to be taking this up," the Englishman said. "But I'll happily get a pipe for you." He gave Indy a leering smile,

showing the blackened, rotting stubs of his teeth.

"Henrygetawayfromhim!" The warning seemed to burst out of Professor Jones as a single rushed word. But Indy was already backing away. This wrecked man wasn't sinister, just saddening. And, Indy had to admit, pretty disgusting.

His head was beginning to spin a little—probably from the smoke he'd breathed in. Indy hoped he wouldn't get sick on the floor. Although, he suspected, worse had probably happened on this floor.

Professor Jones grasped Indy's arm, firmly guiding him out of the opium den. The fat man sitting at the entrance stared at them and spoke in Chinese, obviously asking where they'd come from.

Indy's father didn't want to waste time or cause a scene that could bring unwelcome attention. He reached into his pocket, grabbed some coins, and flung them at the man. Then he and Indy were outside, breathing what passed for fresh air in Weihai-wei—filled with only the usual city stinks.

Gunshots rattled a few streets away, and the people crowding the thoroughfare began to run. A group of men with knives in their hands burst from an alley, led by the weaselly Hu Sing of the Thousand Foxes. The doorman from the opium den started to yell, pointing at Indy and his father.

At least the fleeing townspeople got in the way of the new pursuers as much as they did the Joneses.

Shaking his head in an attempt to clear it, Indy allowed his father to pull him along. They darted back and forth down narrow, crooked streets.

Their pursuers were a couple of turns behind when Indy took the lead again. Clutching his book bag, he dashed through a family camped on the street and headed for the dark mouth of an alley. If we're in luck, he thought, this is where we leave these guys behind.

Instead, Indy found that they were *out* of luck. After a couple of twists, the alley dead-ended against three building walls.

Indy turned apologetically to his father. Professor Jones swung about to face the way they'd come, raising his fists in an old-

fashioned boxing stance. From the shouts echoing down the alleyway, Indy could tell that their pursuers would be there soon.

“I-I’m sorry, Dad. I wish—”

But before Indy could say more, a heavy wooden door opened in one of the walls. A hand emerged from the darkness and beckoned them inside.

Do we want to get torn apart by a mob or take a chance on a mysterious finger? Indy wondered. What choice have we got? He grabbed his father’s arm and headed for the doorway.

Chapter 6

As soon as Indy and his father were through the door, it slammed behind them. Indy found himself in complete darkness, virtually blind. He wished his sense of smell rather than sight had been lost. His nose was attacked by a vile combination of odors—sweat mixed with Chinese food, with incense and rotting fish added in.

When a match was struck in the darkness, Indy was half afraid the fumes would explode. Instead, a tiny oil lamp was lit by a young Chinese man.

“Professor Jones.” their rescuer said in lightly accented English, “I am Jun Shih.” He had the manners of a scholar, despite the worn quilted jacket he wore. “I hope you and your son will forgive this unusual meeting.”

“Unorthodox, perhaps,” Indy’s father said gruffly. “But I’d call it a welcome meeting, considering it’s saved our lives.”

Abruptly, they heard shouts and pounding on the door. Their pursuers weren’t about to give up, it seemed.

“At least, I *hope* you saved our lives,” Indy said.

“Yes. We must leave here.” Taking the lamp, the young Chinese man led them down a short hallway that seemed to serve as living quarters for about four families. They went up a flight of stairs to another set of interconnected hallways and rooms. There seemed to be no separate apartments, no privacy, just people crowded in on one another. The stink and the squalor revealed by the flickering lamplight horrified Indy.

At one point they seemed to be walking through someone’s kitchen. A cloud of flies rose up from a tiny portion of filthy, rotting meat.

Indy stopped, waving his arms to keep the flies from landing on a baby. The child just stared at the ceiling with blank eyes. In all his travels, Indy had never seen people so poor- or so hopeless.

Professor Jones's face was grim as he took in the scene. "We can only hope the future holds something better for these people," he muttered.

Jun Shih nodded, his handsome young face full of pity. "This is why the people turned against the emperor." He hurried the Joneses along to a window, where a board made a rickety bridge to a window across the alley. Below, they heard a crash. The door must have given in, Indy realized. He heard questions barked in Chinese, the sound of blows and cries of pain.

"Please follow," Jun Shih said. Still holding the lamp, he crawled out on the board.

Professor Jones stood at the sill, seemingly frozen in indecision.

"Go on, Dad," Indy urged. "Don't chicken out now."

"I am not chickening out, as you put it," the professor said. "That board can't support two people at once."

As soon as Jun Shih was across, Indy's father scuttled onto the board. Then it was Indy's turn. "Hurry!" their young guide pleaded.

Indy reached the far window, and the

three of them pulled the crude bridge to their side of the alley. Seconds later, the weasel face of Hu Sing appeared in the window they'd just left. Chinese curse words rang through the air as the Thousand Foxes leader realized his prey had escaped. Then came shouts and screams. A fight seemed to be breaking out across the way. Indy got one quick glimpse of the man leading the attackers.

It was an old friend in a black hat.

"Maybe they'll keep each other busy while we get away," Indy said hopefully.

Jun Shih raised his lamp. "Come."

They went through a maze of rooms and hallways, down a flight of steps, then out a door into the street. A light drizzle was falling, but Indy had never been so glad to be out in the open.

He glanced back at the building they'd just exited. From the outside, it seemed like any Western-style building. But it had to be a Chinese copy, Indy realized. No European building would have dirt floors.

In spite of the rain starting, the street life of downtown Wei-hai-wei went on as normal. A horde of people jammed the narrow,

crooked thoroughfares. Men carrying loads balanced on eight-foot poles thrust their way through the crowd.

Indy watched as a man ahead of him suddenly stopped. On one end of his pole was a little stove. The other end held a bag with fuel and food. With quick, efficient moves, the man loaded the stove and started cooking. Then, amazingly, he began selling the cooked food to passersby!

Now there's an idea, thought Indy. Fast food! Bring it to America and you could make a fortune.

Jun Shih simply circled around the food-seller. Nor did he pay any attention to the dozens of families huddling against building walls. Indy had never seen so many people without homes. He guessed the war and the flooding out in the countryside must be driving the people to desperation.

The rain began to come down harder. Indy stared at a young woman dressed in tattered rags who lay in the gutter. Was she asleep, or was she dead?

He was so distracted, he didn't watch where he was going, and bumped into someone. Indy faced front, then leaped back with

a cry. He'd run into a figure out of a nightmare. It was a man, almost naked in the chilly autumn rain. His body was so twisted and distorted that he had to walk with the help of a staff. His face was twisted, too—and one eye was missing.

A toothless mouth gobbled out a word that Indy had heard all day—"Cumshaw!" Indy darted aside and ran to catch up with his father and Jun Shih.

They ended up in the European part of town. Jun Shih took them down an alley into the back room of some kind of store. Standing against a wall was a big, beefy guy who had "bodyguard" written all over him. The only other person in the room was a fat Chinese merchant who sat behind a desk, going over written records.

"Okay, Indy said to their guide. "Who are you people? Another secret society?"

"We operate in secret," Jun Shih admitted. "But we are not a criminal society like the Green Clouds or the Thousand Foxes." He smiled bitterly. "The military governor would happily see us dead, but the British tolerate us. We represent the Kuomintang, the Nationalist Party."

"You're followers of Sun Yat-sen?" Professor Jones asked.

"Like him, we struggle for democracy," answered the young man. "I was a student at the university in Peking and saw how rotten the old imperial government was. When the revolution broke out, I knew my duty was to the new China. The Thousand Foxes plot to bring back the emperor and somehow—magically, perhaps—make the foreign devils disappear from our country. As for the Green Cloud Society, I have no idea of their plans except that they will somehow make Mr. Soong richer."

The young man looked at the floor, then stretched his arms out to Professor Jones. "I will be honest with you, sir. We, too, know of the statue you carry. I ask you to give it over to us, to help us carry on the revolution."

Professor Jones was very moved by Jun Shih's words. He reached toward Indy's book bag. But Indy stepped aside. "Great! Everybody in this town seems to know the score except for you and me, Dad. Do the British have any idea what's really going on around here? The secret societies, the thugs

running free, the plotting?"

Jun Shih's face twisted with scorn. Indy realized the ardent young Nationalist must hate the idea of foreign governments running parts of his country.

"The British let us exist," said the young man. "But they have little understanding of our goals. They don't understand China, let alone Wei-hai-wei. Our governor thinks the name of this city is Port Edward."

"Enough!" the fat man behind the desk suddenly said. "You have done well, Jun Shih. Your speech led the older one to reveal the presence of the *lung*."

The man pointed at Indy's bag. "It is in there. Let us finish this pointless chatter. Give me the statue, boy, if you would live."

"There is no need for threats," the student said. "They were willing to give us the statue."

"I might trust it with you," Indy told Jun Shih. "But not him." He pointed to the fat merchant.

"But I am the one who will have it." The fat man suddenly whipped out a gun from under his desk.

"No!" Jun Shih took a step forward, only

to have the bodyguard's big paw land on his shoulder.

"The foolish schoolboy needs more education," the burly man growled. At a nod from his master, he dragged Jun Shih out the back door.

"Ideals are fine in their place," the fat merchant said, turning his eyes—and his gun—toward Indy. "But we are talking about gold here. Give me the *lung*, and I will let you live."

The muzzle of the pistol looked about as large as a good-sized cave. Indy's hand went into his bag and came out with the dragon statue.

I can't trust his promises, but I've got to believe his threats, Indy thought. His hand tightened on the golden beast. What we need is a way out of here—and quick!

Chapter 7

“Now!” the fat merchant barked. “Give it here!”

Indy had no choice. He held the empty book bag in one hand, the dragon statue in the other. The twisting golden form seemed almost alive in the flickering light of the room’s oil lamps. The row of gems set into the dragon’s back glistened, and the enormous pearl in its mouth seemed to glow with a light of its own.

To put it mildly, the *lung* was eye-catching. And Indy realized it had caught the merchant’s eye. The fat man was paying more attention to the statue in Indy’s hand than to the gun he should have been aiming at Indy. His gaze stayed on the dragon as Indy came closer to the desk.

"Give it here," the man demanded, thrusting out a pudgy hand as Indy came within reach.

Indy gave it to him—but not the way the fat man expected. Swinging hard, Indy brought the golden statue down on the wrist of the merchant's gun hand. A howl burst from the man's mouth as the gun flew out of his grip to clatter on the wooden floor.

Shoving the statue back into his bag, Indy dashed for the room's inner door and threw it open. After a startled pause, his father leaped after him. They plunged into the room beyond.

Scents both sharp and sweet filled the air, coming from the fresh and dried herbs spread on wide wooden counters. Was it a tea shop? A spice store? Perhaps a medicine market? For all Indy cared, they could be selling poison by the pound. He just wanted to get out of there.

Shoppers and sales staff stopped to gape at the pair of Westerners hightailing it for the front door.

Furious yells in Chinese from the back room set the staff in motion. Indy side-stepped one set of clutching hands and

rammed his elbow into the stomach of a big man who tried to intercept them. If only they could make it to the street, they'd be safe. This was the British part of Wei-hai-wei, where there were police and soldiers and lots of sailors.

Indy barreled down the aisle of the store. His father bulled forward, his fists raised. In a confused swirl of buyers and sellers, they tumbled out the door.

Made it! Indy exulted.

Then he heard shouting. He turned to see a knot of men rushing down the street. In the lead was an all-too-familiar figure in a black hat.

I thought secret societies were supposed to be *secret*, Indy said to himself. But these guys all know where to find each other! He grabbed his father and began running again.

Blinking to keep the rain out of his eyes, Indy looked wildly around for a place of safety. The local police station would have been nice, but he didn't know where that was.

Then, up ahead, he saw a strong possibility. It was a six-story building constructed

like a fortress. Carved over the doorway were the words THE ENGLISH-SHANTUNG BANK. A fierce old Sikh warrior from India, with a turban on his head and a sword at his belt, guarded the door. Leaping up the steps to the bank, Indy put on his best British accent. "Come along, Father. We'll make our deposit here."

The guard smiled at the Joneses, then aimed a scowl at the group of Chinese coming up the stairs behind them.

Indy had hoped that the uniformed guard would keep the secret society guys from following. Instead, they mobbed the guard and charged after their prey.

Skidding across the polished marble floor inside, Indy yelled "Robbers!" at the top of his lungs.

"Good heavens!" cried a voice in an English accent. "Help! Police!"

For a second, Black Hat and his men hesitated. Then they came on. Help might be on the way, Indy realized, but it would probably arrive too late. Their pursuers were closing in for the kill.

Silently, Professor Jones pointed to the large marble staircase. Together, he and

Indy rushed up flight after flight until they reached the top floor.

The Joneses clattered down a hall lined with offices. Each door had a pebbled glass window with names in English and Chinese. The offices were all useless from Indy's point of view. He and his father might get inside one and lock the door, but the pursuers could easily smash their way in.

At the end of the hall was a sturdy oak door marked MEN in gold letters. It would have to do. Indy yanked on the handle, pulled his father inside, and slammed the door shut. A flick of his wrist turned the lock.

Seconds later, fists began pounding on the heavy wooden slab.

"I say, what's all this noise?" demanded a voice outside in the hallway. "Can't you wait your turn? Say, what are all you Chinese doing up here?"

The complaints were cut off by a blood-curdling scream.

Indy rapidly scanned the room, paying special attention to the window. That door wouldn't stand up to a determined assault, and he had no idea when the police would

arrive. Dad and I have to get out of here! Indy thought frantically.

The problem was, they were six stories off the ground in a bank that had been specially constructed to offer no access to nearby buildings. There was no ledge outside the window, and the office windows on either side were too far to reach.

Indy stuck his head out the window as far as it would go. Wait a second. Above the window, and angling down to a building across the street, were two telegraph wires stretching from the bank's roof. *Insulated* wires, wrapped in rubber.

Popping back through the window, Indy went to the sinks and collected two linen towels. Outside in the hall, the secret society men must have found a bench or something to use as a battering ram. The washroom door shook to rhythmic smashing.

"We've got to get out of here, Dad," Indy said.

"What else have we been doing since we got to this town?" Professor Jones wanted to know. "And how do these towels get us out?"

"Watch." Indy stepped up onto the win-

dow sill and flung a towel upward so it looped over the telegraph lines. "All you have to do is hold on tight and slide down."

Professor Jones shot a dubious look at the six-story drop. "Is that all?" he asked dryly.

"Here." Indy helped his father up onto the sill. "You can reach that towel, can't You?"

The professor raised his arms. "Yes."

"And you've got a good, tight grip?"

"Yes," his father said again.

"Good." Indy put both hands on his father's back and shoved as hard as he could.

"JUNIIIIIIOR!" Professor Jones screamed as he whizzed down the rain-slick cables to the roof of the building across the way.

"You can yell at me all you like—later," Indy said as he hoisted his book bag over his shoulder, then looped another towel over the wires. "But we've got to stay alive first!"

He pushed off just as the washroom door splintered open. Glancing back, Indy saw a howling Black Hat dancing with rage on the window sill.

Indy dropped from the wires down to the

rooftop of the facing building, where his glaring father was waiting for him. In the street below, police whistles shrilled as the local cops rushed toward the bank.

"Young man—" Professor Jones began ominously.

"Dad, I'm sorry," Indy said. "But we're not out of this yet."

Standing in the window they'd just left, Black Hat was throwing a towel over the telegraph wires.

"I was hoping they wouldn't catch on so fast," Indy said, starting for the door that led downstairs.

They heard a sudden yell, and saw a secret society member fall from the cables. Black Hat looked downward without expression.

"That might have been one of *us*," Professor Jones said, aghast.

Black Hat motioned for another man to slide down the wires. This guy was sure to hold on tighter. It wouldn't be long before the whole gang escaped from the bank and came after the Joneses.

Father and son charged down three flights of stairs to street level, burst out the front

door of the building, and ran down the wet street. Indy whipped around several corners, then stopped. His ignorance of the town had dumped them in it once again. The street he'd chosen dead-ended at the docks. At the nearest pier, a boat was about to leave. The only problem was that the Joneses could never make it there in time.

But did they *need* to? Indy suddenly wondered.

The pursuers were still a couple of turns behind them. If he and his father could just hide out for a while, they might convince the secret society members that they'd escaped by sea.

Indy quickly explained his plan. Then he and his father headed not out onto the dock, but *under* it. The tide was out, and the area under the pier was a stretch of cinnamon-colored mud. *Sticky* mud, Indy discovered as his foot sank into the stuff. He gritted his teeth as he took a step and his foot pulled free with a sucking sound. "This is our only chance of losing them," he told his father.

They slogged forward through the mud until they were hidden from sight. Above, they heard angry cries and the clatter of

footsteps as their pursuers charged after the departing boat. But it wouldn't be long before the thugs returned—and perhaps checked under the dock. Indy decided this hiding place wasn't safe. Beckoning to his father, he began working his way sideways toward the next dock over.

He'd taken only four steps when he yanked one foot out of the mud and left his shoe behind.

Perfect, he thought. There was no time to dig up the buried shoe. He'd just have to continue on and hope he didn't step on anything sharp.

When he and his father reached the shelter of the next dock, Indy looked back through the light rain. Black Hat and his boys were still at the end of the other pier, shouting for the boat to come back. And there didn't seem to be a trail leading to the Joneses—the gooey mud had filled in their footprints.

"Son." Professor Jones said suddenly, "look at this."

The professor pointed to a trapdoor in the dock. It seemed to lead to a warehouse overhead.

"Let's give it a try," Indy said. Sitting on his father's shoulders, he could just reach up to the trapdoor. He pushed it open and peered into darkness.

Good, Indy thought. At least we're not interrupting another secret society's meeting.

He scrambled up, then found some rope to help his father climb up too. A brief search turned up one of the small oil lamps that seemed to be everywhere in China.

Indy lit the lamp as his father closed the trapdoor.

The warehouse was filled with a hodgepodge of wooden crates, some stacked in neat rows, others in irregular heaps. There was a small open area around the trapdoor with a pile of rags off to one side.

Indy took off his wet sock, wrung it out, and left it beside the lamp to dry. Then he took the dragon statue out of his bag.

Right now, if somebody offered to trade me a shoe, I'd give you away, he thought.

The pile of rags suddenly stirred.

"That's some *lung* you've got there," a soft voice said in Chinese.

Chapter 8

Indiana Jones nearly jumped out of his skin. What he had taken for a heap of rags suddenly sat up. It turned out to be an ancient man, his ragged clothes as gray as his hair. Wrinkles seamed the man's face, and a scraggly white beard came down to his chest.

Two things impressed Indy the most. One was the man's incredible dignity, even in this filthy warehouse. The other was the man's eyes. They were milky, clouded. Except for the fact that the man had obviously seen the dragon, Indy would have thought him blind.

"You've been chased rather hard." the old man went on in Chinese. "Too many people want the *lung*."

"Should we put you on the list?" Indy said.

He was ready to give up. The constant pursuit had exhausted him.

"Call me Deshi," the old man said. "How many have been chasing you?"

Indy began to answer, then glanced at his father. Professor Jones was standing open-mouthed. He could read Chinese, but he didn't speak the language well. He didn't have Indy's gift for picking up languages quickly.

Indy introduced the two men, then gestured for his father to sit. Taking a deep breath, he started tallying their newfound enemies for Deshi. "Well, there's the Thousand Foxes.."

"Oh, a bad bunch," Deshi said, shaking his head. "They don't understand reality. One thing a long life has taught me—you Westerners won't go away just because we wish it. If the Thousand Foxes had the *lung*, they could do many foolish things—gather people to bring back the emperor, probably get thousands upon thousands killed...." The old man sucked his breath between his teeth. "Who else?"

"Next is the Green Cloud Society."

"Ah—Soong's crew. They're all about business and trade with the West. And, of course, the profit that can be made."

"Then there's the Nationalist Party. The Kuomintang," Indy went on. "A big fat guy tried to rob us."

"That would be Chen," Deshi said. "A patriotic robber, he'd have you believe." The old man tilted his head to one side. "Is that all? At least you haven't been chased by the out-and-out criminals yet."

"But you could fix that, I'm sure." Indy sighed.

"Oh, criminals aren't much interested in old priests," Deshi said.

"You're a priest?" Indy said.

"Let me show you my temple." Deshi rose to his feet. His small, bent figure barely came to Indy's chest. Deshi walked with the aid of a staff, and his first shuffling steps nearly knocked over the lamp.

"Watch out!" Indy warned.

Professor Jones scrambled to his feet and grabbed the lamp before the oil spilled.

"I'm sorry," Deshi said. "I didn't see it."

Indy raised the lamp for a better view of

Deshi's white, opaque eyes. The old priest didn't even flinch.

He is blind, Indy realized. A second later, another thought struck him. Then how had Deshi noticed the dragon statue?

Professor Jones gave Deshi a worried look. "Where are we going now?" he asked.

The old priest led the way to a side door. "Could you open that for me?"

"What were you doing in here, anyway?" Indy asked.

"Sleeping," Deshi answered promptly. "When the rains come—well, you'll see."

Indy opened the door. Across the alley they saw a very old Chinese structure that seemed to be on the verge of falling down.

The temple looked like the bottom of an unfinished pagoda—one of those towering Chinese temples whose stacked roofs rose into the sky, each story smaller than the one below. The small building had three tiers of wooden roofs, each with gaping holes. The whole thing seemed to sway to one side. "One good wind and the town would have a new supply of firewood," Indy said.

"Yes." Deshi sighed. "It is very old—from

the days when Wei-hai-wei was just a fishing village. This was the fishermen's shrine. I've taken care of it ever since the British came." He gestured toward his eyes. "Not an easy thing."

The Joneses stepped across the alley and peered in through the door of the little shrine. At best, it could hold maybe twenty-five people. Rain spattered on the stone floor, but the place was clean. The floor had been swept. Boards painted with pictures of Chinese mythological beings were propped up in dry areas.

"Some of the workers on the docks remember me," Deshi said. "They bring food if they can, or, like the warehouse men, find places for me to stay. I bless them as best I can."

They got out of the rain and back into the warehouse. Deshi tottered around carefully, making sure he avoided the lamp.

Indy couldn't help himself. He had to ask. "Deshi, you're blind, aren't you?"

The old man nodded. "It happened thirty years ago, when we fought the Japanese—and lost. A cannon blew up, and I was caught in the explosion."

"But—if you can't see, how did you know about the *lung*? I mean—"

Deshi smiled gently. "With an object like the *lung*, one does not need the eyes of the body. The eyes of the spirit tell of its presence."

Great, Indy thought. I ask a straight question, and get an Oriental riddle for an answer.

"What do you know of dragons?" Deshi suddenly asked.

"Well, they don't exist," Indy answered. "They're storybook monsters who breathe fire and eat maidens. Heroes kill them. The patron saint of England, Saint George, was supposed to have killed a dragon."

"Ah," Deshi said, "you Westerners have funny ideas about dragons."

"Dragons are different in China?"

"They are powerful beings of nature," said Deshi. "Dragons bring rain for the crops. They protect the emperor—the people used to call our ruler 'The Face of the Dragon.'"

The old priest tilted his head to one side. "Our tales say that when one sees a dragon, he carries a great pearl in his mouth. If one is brave enough to seize that pearl, one can

control the magic of the dragon.”

Indy smiled to himself. What nonsense!

“Before you laugh, young one, let me tell you this,” Deshi said. “What my spirit first felt was the magic of the pearl. I knew it was *lung* magic. Then I... ‘saw’ the statue.”

Indy rolled his eyes. “So I’ve got a magic pearl?”

“Not only that, but I sense that you have used it already.”

Indy started to laugh, but the chuckle died in his throat. He thought for a second how he’d clung to the statue, wishing for a way out of Chen’s office. And hadn’t he done the same thing when he and his father had been locked up in Mr. Soong’s house?

I must be getting really spooked, Indy thought, shaking his head. We didn’t get out of those scrapes with mumbo-jumbo. We used a little luck and a lot of work.

“It seems you are not convinced,” the old man said. “It is not important. But I would like to feel the *lung*, since it is here.”

Indy took the statue out of his bag and set it in the blind priest’s hands. Deshi smiled as his fingers traced the dragon’s rippling back, running along the ridge of gems.

He touched the giant pearl in the statue's mouth as if it were hot, then stroked the creature's belly.

Suddenly Deshi stiffened. "There is writing here."

Holding the lamp below the dragon's stomach, Indy made out Chinese characters carved into the gold. "I don't read enough Chinese to understand this," he said. "Dad?"

"What is it?" Professor Jones leaned forward.

As Indy explained, his father squinted at the bottom of the statue. "It's a very ancient form of writing," he said. "I can't read it."

"These symbols are deeply carved. Let me try." Deshi slowly felt the carvings with his fingertips. Then he smiled. "Yes. I know these signs. 'Only for him whose heart is pure.' I think the dragon has chosen you, boy."

"Not me," Indy scoffed. He paused for a second, thinking. "If anyone should have the dragon, it's you, Deshi. You understand what it means to the people. And I'd say your heart was plenty pure. With your shrine—"

"It would be stolen in days," Deshi inter-

rupted gently. "And I would probably have my throat slit. The *lung* and I are both pieces of the old China. This new world, the factions squabbling over power and wealth—they would destroy us."

The old man's face was very serious as he faced Indy. "None of these new men should be allowed to steal the power of the dragon."

"Well, if we hold onto it, we'll get *our* throats slit," Indy said. "We can't even walk the streets of Wei-hai-wei without people chasing us."

Deshi shrugged. "Then leave Wei-hai-wei."

Indy looked at his father, who was straining to follow the conversation. "Deshi says we should leave town."

Professor Jones nodded. "I think the old man is right. And I know where to go—Tsingtao. No, not to hide among the Germans. But there is an Allied army outside the city. At least we'd have thousands of soldiers to protect us."

Indy had to admit his father had a point. They could probably turn the dragon statue over to the commander of the army. Even if

it wound up in a foreign museum, the *lung* would be in a safe place.

"There's just one problem," Indy said to his father, then to Deshi. "How do we get there without getting killed?"

Deshi stood as straight as his bent form could manage. "I will take care of that. Let me go now to make arrangements."

It was almost evening before the old priest returned to the warehouse. Indy and his father had waited anxiously. What if the old man decided to betray them?

But Deshi arrived alone, carrying a sack that seemed almost too heavy for him. Inside were two straw hats and a pair of strange capelike garments made of woven blades of grass.

"Raincoats," Deshi explained. "They will conceal your bodies and your foreign clothes. The hats will hide your faces."

He opened a jar with some dark goop in it. "Roll up your sleeves and trouser legs. This will cover your light skin. Ah—take off your shoes, too."

Indy shrugged. He only had one shoe, anyway. Looking doubtful, Professor Jones

tied the laces of his shoes together and hung them around his neck.

Deshi rummaged around in the warehouse and came up with another staff. "You, boy, are still short enough to pass as Chinese. But your father should bend himself to hide his height. He can pretend to be an old man, hobbling along with his staff." The priest smiled. "If you wish, I will give lessons."

As soon as the Joneses were fully disguised, Deshi explained the rest of his plan. A large sampan, a two-masted fishing boat, would pick them up on the dock. Indy and his father would then be transported south to Tsingtao.

"You need only worry about your disguise while on the docks," Deshi explained. "Once aboard the sampan, you will be safe."

Indy took the old priest's hand. "Thank you, Deshi." Professor Jones expressed his gratitude also, in halting Chinese. Then Indy opened the front door of the warehouse and peered out at the rain pattering on the dock. In the distance he heard the creaking of rope on wood. The sampan must be on its way!

“Ready, Dad?” he said.

Professor Jones bent over his staff and shuffled forward after Indy. Deshi followed them to the doorway.

The fishing boat appeared out of the gloom. It was about forty feet long, and had a crew of eight. Soon it would have two passengers. We’ll be out of here, Indy thought, and the bad guys will have no idea where we are.

Indy and his father were halfway down the dock when they heard jeering shouts.

A crowd of armed men stood on the other dock. Some held rifles, some held knives. But the man in the black hat held only Indy’s shoe as he laughed at them.

Chapter 9

Indy groaned. Black Hat and his goons didn't know where we were, he thought bitterly, but they knew we had to be around somewhere. They just waited us out.

After one look at the armed thugs, the crew on the sampan immediately began shoving off. "Get aboard, Dad," Indy cried. Professor Jones dropped his staff and ran for the boat.

Indy looked back at Deshi. The blind priest stood very still in front of the warehouse, his face turned to the shouting voices. Black Hat and some of his boys were cutting around the warehouse to get to the dock where Indy and the priest were. Others in the gang were aiming their rifles from the neighboring pier.

And Deshi couldn't see what was going on.

Indy raced back to the blind priest. The rough planking of the dock was a hazard to his bare feet, but splinters were the last thing on his mind. Some of the secret society members began firing. A bullet tore into the dock right behind Indy. "Change of plans, Deshi," he cried to the priest. "You'll have to come with us now."

The question was, how could he get the frail old man all the way down the dock without one or both of them getting shot?

Indy's father was aboard the sampan, shouting in his broken Chinese. When the fishermen saw that their priest was coming, they stayed. But Indy didn't know how long that would last.

"Forgive me, Deshi," he said to the priest, "but we've got to move faster." Indy picked up the tiny old man and started running. Judging by the shouts behind him, Black Hat and his crew were now coming down the alley between the warehouse and the shrine. The men on the other dock were still shooting, but it seemed their aim was poor.

Fumbling under the old man's weight, Indy got one hand onto the golden *lung*.

If you want me to start believing in drag-

ons, he thought, give us a distraction now.

Behind him, Indy heard a horrible creaking noise that turned into a loud *crack!*

He spared one glance back to see Deshi's shrine collapse onto Black Hat and his men in a flood of lumber.

At the same moment, Indy got an enormous splinter in his right foot. He yelled and staggered back. Three bullets plowed up the planking where he'd stood a moment before.

Running with a definite limp, Indy got Deshi onto the sampan. They headed out of Wei-hai-wei harbor.

Poor Deshi was broken hearted when he learned of the collapse of his temple. "Still," he said, "this should prove the power of the *lung*. It saved you, young one."

"In that case, it gave me a tremendous splinter, too," Indy said. He winced, patting the bandage where one of the fishermen had yanked the huge sliver of wood from the sole of his foot. "I still think it's just a coincidence."

Deshi merely smiled.

It was the second day after their escape. The sampan was making good headway across the waters of the Yellow Sea. Indy was feeling pretty cheerful until he noticed a smudge on the horizon behind them. Without binoculars, all he could tell was that it was definitely smoke.

As time went on, however, he could tell that the boat behind them seemed to be following the same course. Then the trailing vessel came close enough to be identified as a steam launch from Wei-hai-wei. Finally, it was near enough behind them for Indy to see a man with a black hat at the bow.

"I think we're in trouble," he reported.

The leader of the fishermen tried to get more speed from the sampan. But sails couldn't outrun the steam engine on the craft pursuing them. Soon, the launch had pulled abreast of the fishing vessel. Four men stood beside Black Hat, all of them armed with rifles.

The crew of the sampan crouched low, keeping the vessel on a course for Tsingtao. Bullets whistled through the sails. Then the launch moved to cut them off.

This is it, Indy thought.

Then he heard a loud *boom!* followed by a shrill whistle, a splash, and an explosion.

He poked his head over the low side of the sampan to find another vessel chugging across the sea. It was burning lots of coal to cut across the courses of both craft from the north.

The short, squat newcomer was a gunboat flying the Union Jack. And the noise Indy had heard must have been a cannon shell fired across their bows.

Black Hat and his people immediately began heading away, slipping behind the sampan so it would block any more shots from the gunboat.

"Heave to!" The command was shouted through a megaphone held by a British officer. Indy translated, and the head fisherman brought the sampan to a stop.

"Why have you entered the war zone?" the British officer roared through his megaphone.

"We're trying to reach the Allied army," Professor Jones replied through cupped hands. "It's rather a long story..."

Chapter 10

It was the strangest tea party that Indy had ever attended. Half the guests wore khaki uniforms and pith helmets and drank English tea. The others wore blue uniforms and drank Japanese green tea from cups with no handles. The Joneses sat next to the British commander, General Sir John Kennan-Foddering.

Ever since they had arrived on the beach-head created by the Allied army, Indy had been amused by the half-and-half setup.

Outside the office of the harbor master, who controlled movement into the war zone, were two enormous crossed flags—the Union Jack and the Japanese Rising Sun. Yet General Kennan-Foddering's "half" of the Allied army amounted to only 1,250

men—the South Wales Border Regiment and a detachment of native troops from India. General Hakuma's "half" of the army totaled 23,000 Japanese troops.

Perhaps for that reason, Kennan-Foddering had been placed under Hakuma's command—the first time a European officer had served under a non-European commander. As he sipped his tea, the British general didn't seem to be enjoying his historic role.

The open-sided tea tent had been pitched on the top of a large hill, which gave a sweeping view of the battle zone.

Tsingtao was located at the tip of a hilly peninsula jutting out into the sea. The Germans had originally set up a defense line about two and a half miles from the port. Allied attacks had pushed them slowly but surely toward the town. In fact, the hill where Indy and the officers now sat had been a German fort only a month before.

From his vantage point, Indy could see the two lines of trenches where the opposing armies were squared off. The Germans had dug in along the ridge line on the next row of hills. Looming over the defenses

were the two tallest summits in German hands, Moltke Hill and Bismarck Hill. These were topped with concrete forts reinforced with earthwork redoubts—small strongholds.

Indy tried to imagine what the land had looked like in peacetime. The hills were probably a pretty sight, covered with trees and greenery. But after being torn up by torrential floods and continuous artillery bombardment, the ridges merely seemed like cinnamon-colored clumps of mud.

Beyond them rose the city of Tsingtao, looking almost like a mirage on the foggy Chinese coast. It was as though someone had plopped down a quaint Bavarian town about five thousand miles from where it ought to be.

The German colonists had transplanted their homeland's architecture of brick and white stucco buildings with red tile roofs. Large villas lined the bay like hotels at a European seaside resort. Indy could even see the spire of a Lutheran church rising above the town's skyline.

Now huge Japanese howitzers were drop-

ping five-hundred-pound shells on the defenses, while British and Japanese naval units bombarded the town from the sea.

The Japanese navy was providing some newfangled help as well. Several of their vessels carried aeroplanes. Indy watched in fascination as the flying machines swooped over the Tsingtao defenses, dropping small bombs.

The bombs had to be small, Indy realized. Those flimsy machines looked as if any weight besides the pilot's would tear their wings off.

"Dashed unsporting, I say," Kennan-Foddering grumbled, rattling his teacup. "Battles are meant to be won on the ground, not in the air. Mark my words, gentlemen. If we allow these flying-machine people to get out of hand, they'll be dropping bombs on *ships* next. His Majesty's navy couldn't allow that. I think we should discontinue this experiment, sir."

General Hakuma merely nodded politely.

"Oh, I'm sure it will come to nothing," said a younger man who was dressed in the high-collared tunic of an American officer. "These aeroplanes are all right for nuisance

bombing, but I can't see them becoming a *serious* weapon."

Professor Jones had his own complaint. "Whatever happened to *chivalry* in warfare, when men in armor gallantly challenged each other to single combat?"

"Simple," Indy muttered. "They all sat around saying that cannons could never become serious weapons."

The rattle of teacups drowned out his comment, and the officers talked of other things.

One of General Hakuma's aides, Colonel Masahiro, leaned forward. "Professor Jones," he said in perfect English, "I was fascinated to hear of the statue that came into your hands. My family collects ancient Chinese art. If you would like me to examine it..."

Indy scowled. The last time someone offered to help us with the *lung*, he thought, we wound up locked in a room and threatened with torture. He opened his mouth to speak, but his father silenced him with a warning glance.

"Colonel Masahiro is considered an expert on Tang-period art," said one of the British officers.

"Blast those aeroplanes!" General Kennan-Foddering exclaimed. "They're buzzing back again!" He looked at his Japanese counterpart. "Just as well we're bringing things to a finish tomorrow. We'll end this scrap the way it ought to end—at the point of a bayonet!"

Masahiro translated for his superior officer, who again nodded with a bland smile.

Indy couldn't believe the officers would discuss secret plans so openly. He said as much to his father after the party broke up.

"As if you should talk about watching one's mouth!" Professor Jones fumed as they walked past row after orderly row of tents. He pulled Indy aside as a column of soldiers marched by, heading for a field kitchen. "I was quite worried you would say something embarrassing to Colonel Masahiro."

"Ever since he met us, the man's been hinting about getting a look at the dragon," said Indy. "Frankly, I don't trust him."

"That's a splendid thing to say about one of our hosts," the professor said.

"I'm just glad we're staying at the British

camp. Those Japanese soldiers would probably do anything Masahiro told them to—like getting rid of a pair of inconvenient civilians.”

They arrived at their tent at the edge of the camp, beside the slightly different canvas shelters which housed the American observation team. Nat Warrick appeared, a sack under his arm and a big grin on his face.

The sergeant had been very amused when his old shipmates showed up at the Allied camp. “After you two disappeared from the Whangpoo Palace, I thought maybe you’d skipped without paying your bill,” he’d joked. Warrick had been ordered to join the observation team. Ever since the Joneses had arrived, he’d worked hard to make their stay more comfortable.

“I think I’ve rustled up a pair of boots that will fit you better, son,” he said. He lifted the sack in his hand.

“That would be great, Sarge,” said Indy. One of the American soldiers had lent Indy a pair of shoes, but they only fit if he padded his feet with rags.

Opening the bag, Indy found a pair of British marching boots. "How did you get hold of these?"

Warrick smiled. "Oh, I had a little chat with the Brit supply sergeant over a game of dominoes." He shook a closed fist as if he were rattling dice.

"Now I owe you a favor," Indy said, trying on the new boots. They fit perfectly.

The sergeant shrugged off his thanks. "Someday, son. Someday."

Indy spent the evening as usual, smuggling some extra food down to the Chinese refugees. He felt he owed it to Deshi and the fishermen who'd brought him here. Although Deshi couldn't work, the fishermen had been pressed into service, digging the approach trenches for the big Allied attack.

Indy and his father went to bed early that night. But Indy had hardly gotten into his cot, he felt, than the roar of big guns woke him up. The main artillery batteries were laying down a heavy barrage to pave the way for the final assault. Besides the noise, the muzzle flashes from the heavy guns made the night sky as bright as day. Light-

BOOM! - darkness ... light - *BOOM!* - darkness. It was like a very loud thunderstorm without rain.

Indy sighed. It was dumb to try to sleep in this racket. He couldn't hear any activity in the neighboring tents. The American observers were probably off seeing how well the Japanese shells hit the Germans.

Indy clamped his hands over his ears, wondering if he could block out the blasts. Suddenly the gun flashes silhouetted two shadows slipping through the tent entrance. Before Indy could move, one figure leaned over him, pressing a knife to his throat.

"Please to be very quiet," Indy's captor whispered in accented English. Now Indy recognized the man. He was Colonel Masahiro's head servant.

The knife pressed a little deeper into Indy's throat. "You will give us the dragon now, yes?"

Chapter 11

"It-it's not here," Indy gasped out. He glanced over at his father's cot, where the other intruder knelt. Yes. There was a knife at Professor Jones's throat as well.

A hiss of annoyance came from the Japanese servant. "Then you will get it," he said. "Or I shall have to—*urkkkkk!*"

Indy's captor suddenly seemed to fly backward, clutching at his throat. Indy got a fleeting glimpse of another figure behind the servant hauling on a silk scarf wrapped around the Japanese man's neck. They disappeared from the tent. A muffled choking sound came from outside.

Kicking off his covers, Indy tried to leap to his feet, only to have a hand spring from the shadows and shove him down.

"Any movement would be most unwise," an icy calm voice warned him.

Indy froze. He recognized the speaker. It was Mr. Soong, the head of the Green Cloud secret society! Looking at the tent entrance, he saw several figures outlined against the dim starlight. Then muzzle flashes lit them clearly. One was his old scar-faced friend Black Hat, minus the fedora and now wearing muddy clothing. Apparently the fishermen hadn't been the only ones recruited for trench digging.

Some of the other figures also seemed familiar. There was Hu Sing, the weaselly-looking leader of the Thousand Foxes. And the hulking man whom Indy had elbowed while escaping from Mr. Chen's shop—a Kuo-mintang member, no doubt.

"The gang's all here," Indy muttered. "Or should I say, the *gangs* are all here?"

"My competitors and I have come to an agreement over the *lung*," Soong told him. "We will sell it and split the proceeds evenly. Thus, we will all enjoy the benefits."

Sure, Indy thought, until one of you turns his back. But all he said was, "I'm sorry, but the *lung* isn't here."

"So you told one of the late Japanese," Soong said. "Then where is the statue?"

One of the late Japanese? Indy's eyes shot over to his father's cot. Yes, the Japanese attacker was gone. But now there was a Chinese intruder menacing Professor Jones with a knife.

Licking suddenly dry lips, Indy told the truth. "The dragon's with the British paymaster. He's the only one in camp with a safe."

Now it was Mr. Soong's turn to let his breath out in a hiss of annoyance.

Soong moved closer to loom over Indy's bed. "Then you will have to get the *lung* for us, boy. If you fail, your father will pay with his life."

"That's crazy!" Indy burst out. "How can I break into a safe?"

"Junior, don't annoy the man!" a pale Professor Jones pleaded.

"You know the stakes," Soong told Indy coldly. "I think the good professor's life will be an excellent incentive."

Indy got dressed, his brain whirling. Once he was out of this tent, he might be able

to come up with something. They were surrounded by thousands of soldiers, all preparing for an attack at dawn. Maybe he could get help from some of the officers. Surely they wouldn't miss a squad of men from the big assault. It would be risking his father's life, but—

Soong's voice broke in on Indy's feverish thoughts. "To make sure you do not speak to anyone," the secret society leader said, "Hu Sing will go with you."

The weasel-faced Thousand Foxes leader stepped forward.

"I warn you, he is very good with a knife," Soong said.

Moments later Indy and Hu Sing were sneaking through the camp. There was plenty of bustle— with the artillery barrage still blasting away, no one seemed to be sleeping. And as the Allied troops marched to the attack, there was plenty of confusion, too.

Twice they had to skulk in the shadows to hide from columns of marching men. But as they reached the paymaster's tent, the camp seemed nearly empty.

Indy had worried that there would be Indian troops on guard—he'd seen how seriously the Sikhs took sentry duty.

Instead, a group of young Welshmen—coal miners, by the sound of them—stood around a campfire. They were drinking tea and complaining that they hadn't been allowed to go and attack the Huns.

Keep it up, fellas, Indy thought. He and Hu Sing crept through the shadows at the edge of the firelight until they were at the back of the pay tent. There were no lamps on inside. Indy hoped that was a good sign. Either no one was in there, or the paymaster was able to sleep through the loudest shelling.

For a brief second, Indy thought of yelling for help. The guards would come running, he was sure. Hu Sing seemed to read his mind. He gestured dangerously with his knife. Then he slashed the fabric at the back of the tent. The heavy canvas parted with a faint ripping sound.

Indy cautiously stuck his head through the slit. Good. No one was inside. He slipped through the handmade entrance, followed by Hu Sing.

As soon as shellfire lit the darkness, Indy spotted the safe. It was a huge thing, made of steel and cast iron. He wondered how many troopers had been needed to carry it up from the beach. Certainly two people were not going to move it away. According to the adventure magazines he'd read, the latest way to "crack" a safe called for a drill and some "soup"—nitroglycerin. The problem was, Indy had neither.

But he *had* watched the paymaster open the safe. Could he remember the combination he'd seen the paymaster use?

He waited for another flash of light, then twisted the dial until it pointed to zero. Next, pressing his ear against the safe door, he slowly spun the dial to the right. Was it twenty-four the officer had first turned to? He heard the tumblers click, and glanced at the dial. No. Twenty-three.

Racking his memory, listening to the tumblers, Indy moved the dial left, then right again. His hands grew sweaty, and he rubbed his fingertips against his pants.

That should do it. He grasped the handle. It turned with a *clunk* that seemed louder than all the army's artillery going off

together. Indy froze, his heart in his throat. But the guards outside apparently heard nothing.

He swung the door open. There was money in there, stacks of banknotes and bags of coins. If Hu Sing reached in, Indy could slam the door shut on the man's greedy hands...

But the weasel-faced man didn't reach in. He simply gestured with his knife. Indy removed his leather book bag and opened it to show the golden statue. As he gazed at the *lung*, a wild thought came into his head. What if he grabbed the dragon and wished his way out of this fix? Would the dragon magic work?

But he couldn't do it. He couldn't risk his father's life on some crazy superstition. Indy closed the safe, and they slunk back through the camp.

Professor Jones let out a sigh of relief when they entered the tent.

Mr. Soong stretched out both hands. Silently, Indy took out the dragon. He had a sick feeling in his stomach. Once he handed this over, the intruders would have no use for the Joneses. Not alive, at least.

All eyes in the tent were caught and held by the gleaming *lung*.

No one noticed the hand that came through the tent flap to point a heavy pistol at Mr. Soong's head.

No one noticed anything until Nat War-
rick said, "I'll take that, if you don't mind."

Chapter 12

Only one person took advantage of the distraction as Warrick stepped into the tent. That was Professor Jones, who flung himself out of bed and away from his captor's knife.

Soong looked as if he had just been hit by a lightning bolt. He eyed Warrick's big Colt automatic, then licked his lips.

"I do not control all of these men," he said nervously.

"Then you better hope they don't move," Warrick said, wagging his pistol.

Soong gasped an order in Chinese, and Warrick grunted his approval.

"Sarge—" Indy began, breathing a sigh of relief.

"Save the thanks until you hand over that

gold gewgaw," Warrick told him. "It's mine, see. I killed a man for it."

Indy took a step back. "Y-y-you?"

Warrick nodded, keeping his gun on Soong but his eyes on all the people in the tent. "Sure. It was back when that Jap destroyer stopped the *China Maid*. I saw that Chinaman sneak into your cabin. He was carrying a package, so I figured he was a smuggler in need of a hiding place. I waited till evening to give him time to get his package back. Then I went to have a chat with him."

"You killed him?" Indy choked.

"Not that I meant to," Warrick assured him. "Fella got a bit unreasonable—came at me with a hatchet. The joke was on me." Warrick laughed, but without humor. "I searched his cabin and couldn't find anything. He hadn't recovered whatever he stashed in your cabin. I knew that for sure when those beggars tried to lift your bags on the dock."

"So you came to the rescue of our luggage, not us. Thanks a lot," Indy said bitterly.

"Another joke on me. You disappeared, and I got sent down here. I thought that was it." Warrick gave Indy that almost-smile again. "But then you plop down two tents away with a golden idol! *My* golden idol. Except you locked it in the paymaster's safe."

Warrick shrugged. "I decided to wait until the big push. Things would be confused, and a little gold dragon could easily disappear." The sergeant's grin tightened. "Guess lots of people had the same idea. But *I've* got the gun." The smile disappeared from Warrick's face. "Hand it over, Indy."

"Why are you doing this?" Indy cried.

"You wouldn't understand unless you spent twenty years trying to live on a sergeant's pay," Warrick told him. "I'll make sure you and your dad come through this okay. But I want that dragon, Indy. *Now.*" Warrick put his free hand out.

"Where can you hope to go with the dragon?" Professor Jones asked suddenly. "We were chased all over Wei-hai-wei."

"But I'm not going to Wei-hai-wei." Warrick glared at Soong and his people over the sights of his gun. "I'll be visiting an old

army pal of mine—in Tsingtao.”

“Tsingtao!” Indy burst out. “Who—”

“Remember I told you about the International Relief Force that put down the Boxer Rebellion here in China? Back in 1900? We were soldiers from all around the world, marching to save the diplomats trapped in Peking. I got friendly with a German guy—Lieutenant von Dieben. Not so surprising, really. People think that Warrick is an English name. Actually, it’s German.”

“I thought you were an American,” Indy said.

“I am, but my parents came from Bavaria. Von Dieben was surprised to hear me speak German. Did I mention he was *Baron* von Dieben, and his family collects Chinese art? I did a thriving business with him when we looted Peking.”

Indy couldn’t get over it. “You’re going to walk into the middle of a battle to sell stolen property to someone you knew a dozen years ago?”

“Oh, the baron and I have stayed in touch over the years. He’s a big cheese in the defense of Tsingtao. In fact, he’s commanding the redoubt in front of Fort Moltke. And

he wants the dragon. There's nothing in his collection like it."

"And how do you know that?" asked Indy.

"We've been sending messages," Warrick told him.

Indy fought to understand. Warrick had committed enough crimes to get himself hanged three times over. murder, looting, and passing messages to the enemy.

"I'm getting tired of holding this gun," Warrick said. "Pass over the dragon!"

Indy's stomach heaved in disgust. He'd thought this man was a friend. Instead, he turned out to be a cheap thief and killer.

"Sure, take it," he said between clenched teeth. "Take it and get out of here!"

As soon as the dragon was in Warrick's hand, Hu Sing lunged, his knife flashing.

But Warrick sidestepped, twisting like an eel to slam his heavy pistol against the side of his attacker's head. Hu Sing's lunge turned into a graceless tumble. The man sprawled on the tent floor, unmoving.

An instant later, Warrick was out of the tent.

Soong spent one second looking down at the unconscious Hu Sing. "He's out," the

Green Cloud leader said, dismissing the rival faction lord from the divvying up.

But first they'd have to catch Warrick and get the dragon. That could be tough. New sounds of gunfire showed that the ground attack was beginning. And Warrick was heading into the middle of it!

Soong barked an order at his people, then turned to the Joneses. "You will come along, too. We cannot leave you behind to raise the alarm."

Indy learned a lot about how armies operate during the pre-dawn murk of November 6, 1914.

The Japanese had decided to risk everything on a frontal assault. Waves of soldiers with rifles and bayonets were to charge the enemy's hillside trenches, braving rifle and machine-gun fire. Extra attacks were planned for Bismarck and Moltke hills, where the last remaining forts anchored the center of the German defenses.

The Joneses and their Chinese captors had no trouble getting up to the battle.

Although it was still fairly dark, they found the first wave of attackers had

already charged the German defense line. A second wave was preparing to enter no man's land, the shell-torn wilderness between the Allied and German trench lines.

In the center, Japanese soldiers were about to fight their way up Moltke Hill toward the heavy earthwork fort known as the Great Redoubt.

Here, the luck of the Joneses almost ran out. They stumbled across a Japanese patrol and nearly got their heads blown off. Instead, they and the Chinese were brought to the officer leading the attack on Moltke Hill—Colonel Masahiro.

"What are you doing here?" Masahiro demanded, his hand going to the hilt of the samurai sword he wore at his hip.

"We're chasing stolen property," Indy said. "Someone made off with the golden dragon, and they're heading for the Great Redoubt."

Masahiro's eyes gleamed with collector's greed. He shouted orders in Japanese to his men.

They found Warrick climbing the high dirt wall of the German command post. Hundreds of Japanese rifles swung to cover

him. "Don't fire!" Masahiro cried in Japanese. "We don't want to hit the dragon!"

From above, a German voice was shouting the same thing.

The whole firing line grew quiet, except for the occasional screech and boom of incoming artillery shells.

A man's head appeared over the sand-bagged top of the fortification, just visible in the first light of dawn. He had a long, thin face, and a monocle gleamed in his right eye. The German looked down on the frozen Warrick and the poised Japanese.

"Colonel Masahiro, I presume?" the German called down in English.

"The same," Masahiro shouted back.

"Baron von Dieben here. We are both collectors, and we both want the dragon. I suggest we settle the matter like gentlemen."

"In what manner?" Masahiro wanted to know.

Von Dieben stepped fully into view. He patted the saber scabbarded at his side. "You have a sword, I have a sword. The answer is obvious."

Masahiro nodded. "We shall duel."

Chapter 13

“This can’t be real,” Indy said. In the middle of a war, two officers were suddenly calling time out to fight a private duel over the golden *lung*!

Professor Jones, however, had a big smile on his face. “You see, son?” he said. “There is still chivalry in warfare!”

“More like craziness,” Indy muttered.

The duel was being treated like a sporting event. Hundreds of heads peered over the German earthworks as the troops watched their commander prepare to fight for a golden statue.

Von Dieben made his way down the dirt slope, picking up Warrick along the way. When they reached the Japanese troops at the

bottom, a Japanese officer took Warrick's gun and the golden dragon.

The German commander bristled. "I will not have the prize held by one of Masahiro's officers," he complained. Seen up close, Baron von Dieben was obviously a man used to getting his way. His face was lean and fierce. A crescent of scar tissue ran across his cheek, from right below his glittering monocle almost to his upper lip.

"And I will not have the prize held by one of your hirelings," Colonel Masahiro retorted. He pointed to Indy. "The dragon should best be kept in neutral hands."

Indy *really* couldn't believe these guys. Their idea of a neutral party was someone who'd had the dragon stolen from him!

Still, Indy knew better than to complain as the Japanese officer placed the *lung* in his hands. Masahiro and von Dieben were out for blood. Indy didn't want to get in their way.

He stepped off to one side as the Japanese troops made a huge semicircle in front of the earthworks.

The two duelists faced each other in the

brightening dawn and drew their swords. The German was tall and lean, and his blade seemed to be an extension of his hand. Masahiro was slender and younger. His samurai sword was longer, but von Dieben had the greater reach.

In spite of himself, Indy began to get interested. He found Nat Warrick standing beside him. "Care for a little bet, chum?" the sergeant asked.

Indy would never understand Warrick. This man had held a gun on him and a tent full of people, and now he was acting like they were the best of friends!

"I don't think I'd put my money on von Dieben," Indy said. "What kind of swordsman could he be with that big scratch on his face?"

Warrick chuckled. "That 'scratch,' as you put it, is a mark of honor. Baron von Dieben is a Heidelberg fencing champion. The German fencing masters *try* to get their faces cut, to show how tough they are."

The sergeant poked Indy with his finger. "You watch and see. He'll make hamburger out of Masahiro."

The two men went into very different

stances. The German stood sideways to his opponent, his saber extended in his right hand, his left hand in a fist resting on his hip. It was a classic fencing pose, and Indy had to admit that the baron's lean body settled into it perfectly.

Masahiro, on the other hand, stood full-face toward his enemy, slightly crouched. Both hands clutched the hilt of his samurai sword, which he held upright, like a big chopper.

The Japanese officer began circling toward his left. But von Dieben leaped forward, his saber lashing out to ring against his opponent's blade.

Masahiro retreated a step, and von Dieben advanced, swooping his blade around in a new attack. The Japanese duelist blocked and went back another step.

With a death's-head grin, von Dieben pressed harder. His sword slashed in and out, driving Masahiro ever backward.

"This is too easy," Warrick gloated. "He'll chase him all the way back to Japan at this rate."

Masahiro finally tried an overhead cut, but von Dieben brought his blade up in time

to block it. The air rang with the clashing of the swords.

His blade flashing, von Dieben danced to the left, bringing back his saber for a back-hand slash. Masahiro leaped past him, his blade seeming to trail to the ground. There was a flurry of movement, too fast for the eye to follow.

Then Masahiro was past the German. The two duelists stood with their backs to each other.

Slowly, von Dieben turned. His left arm was held across the middle of his gray-green uniform jacket. It came away bloody. The scar seemed to stand out very clearly on the baron's suddenly pale face. He looked down at the gushing wound across his midsection, and the monocle popped from his eye as if in surprise.

Masahiro turned to face him in silence. Baron von Dieben brought up his saber in a shaky hand, took one step toward his enemy, then collapsed to the ground.

"How could he—?" Warrick gasped in disbelief. "Where was that sword?"

A low moan ran through the German

troops in the redoubt as their hero crashed into the mud.

Masahiro raised his now-bloody samurai blade and pointed it toward the demoralized enemy. Indy understood. The duel was over. Now, back to the war.

With a roar of "*Banzai!*" the Japanese troops charged up the slope. The Germans were still too shocked to fire back. Yelling their heads off, the blue-clad Japanese soldiers made it up to the redoubt and the trench line. They fought hand-to-hand with the Germans in their gray-green uniforms.

General Kennan-Foddering will love this battle, Indy found himself thinking. It will be won the old-fashioned way, with swords and bayonets. The only thing missing is a cavalry charge.

Colonel Masahiro came up to Indy, wiping the blood off his sword blade with a piece of silk. "The German was a brave man," he said, "but he had no understanding of Japanese swordplay." Masahiro nodded at the *lung* in Indy's hand. "I will take that now."

Indy was surprised at the anger that blos-

somed inside his chest. He certainly didn't want the dragon. But why should this bully with a sword get it? Masahiro certainly wasn't pure of heart. He'd sent his servants off to steal the *lung*.

The sun was just rising, and the first rays lit up the gold and jewels on the dragon's back. Indy's hand shook with sudden fury. "I wish this stupid thing had never existed!" he snarled, and he threw the dragon up and away.

The *lung* flew off in a glittering arc. And, as if it had zeroed in on the flash of gold, an artillery shell came screaming down out of the sky. It landed just as the statue did.

Indy was flung to the ground by the explosion. He lay dazed for a moment. Then gentle hands were helping him up.

Colonel Masahiro stood frozen with his sword in his hands. His uniform was spattered with mud from the blast, but he seemed all right. However, his eyes were shocked and faraway, and he muttered,

"Gone—it's gone! Destroyed!"

"Destroyed?" Indy echoed.

"That's right, boy," a voice said to him in Chinese.

Indy turned to see that Deshi was the one helping him up. The blind priest's wrinkled face was split by a grin from ear to ear.

"What are you doing here?" Indy asked.

"Some of my fisherman friends saw you being led off to the front lines by Soong and his people. They came and told me, and I got together some help—if you needed it."

Indy now saw that the audience for the duel had been much enlarged by Chinese laborers. He also realized that Soong and his group of fellow conspirators had somehow slipped away from their Japanese guards.

Masahiro came out of his trance and took one step toward Indy, sword upraised. Then from inside the redoubt came the sound of cheers. The rising sun flag waved from the top of its walls.

Answering cheers echoed across no man's land as more Japanese soldiers charged onto Bismarck Hill.

Shaking his head as if to clear it, Masahiro headed up the slope to rejoin his troops and the battle.

"I don't know how you did it, son," Professor Jones said, joining Indy.

"The *lung* is really gone?" said Indy.

"The *lung* is no more," Deshi told him. "My spirit can't find even a trace of it. That was very clever, boy. You used the dragon magic to make the magic go away."

"I did?" Indy said.

Then he shook his head. "No, I didn't do anything. It was just coincidence."

A lot of coincidences in this adventure, a little voice said in the back of his mind.

"Well, it's all over now," Professor Jones said heartily. "I hope we'll be able to arrange for passage to Peking." He frowned in thought for a moment. "Although I don't suppose we can very well ask that Soong fellow for our luggage back."

Indy barely heard. His eyes were glued to the newly made shell hole. There seemed to be faint traces of gold in the cinnamon-colored mud.

"There was no magic," Indy insisted, still staring.

Then he sighed. "Was there?"

HISTORICAL NOTE

If Professor Jones made it to Peking after this adventure, he probably found more trouble instead of the records of Marco Polo's visit. Thanks in part to the horrible living conditions he and Indy saw in Chapter 6, China spent more than thirty years in social upheaval. The country suffered a weak democratic government, turf battles between rival warlords, and a Japanese invasion, until a communist dictatorship took over in 1948.

After Indy's visit to China in 1914, President Yuan Shih-kai almost got himself made emperor. But he died in 1916 before he could pull it off. Sun Yat-sen, "the George Washington of China," spent the rest of his

life struggling unsuccessfully to unite the country. He died in 1925.

And the child emperor? After losing his throne in 1912 at the age of six, Pu Yi grew up to have many strange adventures. The last "Face of the Dragon" ended his days in Communist China working as a librarian and gardener. He died in 1967.

All of the other characters in this story are fictional, although people like several of the characters did exist. China suffered under the grip of secret society leaders as cold-blooded as Mr. Soong. And greedy soldiers like Nat Warrick did plunder Peking while they put down the Boxer Rebellion in 1900.

Sadly, there were all too many soldiers like General Kennan-Foddering on both sides in World War I. Because they couldn't see what changes technology had brought to war, especially machine guns and airplanes, millions of soldiers were killed.

The China campaign of World War I is historical fact, one of the stranger side-shows of 1914. For two months, an Allied army of 23,000 Japanese soldiers and 1,250

troops from Britain and India conducted a siege against some 4,000 German defenders in Tsingtao. By the end, the victorious Allies had suffered 1,600 casualties. Japan kept Tsingtao, and its continued grabs of Chinese territory helped start World War I.

There actually was a duel at Tsingtao between a German officer and a Japanese officer, although their names were not von Dieben and Masahiro, and they weren't fighting over a dragon statue. It's perhaps the only recorded fight between a Western fencer and a samurai. Historically, the samurai sword won the day.

Wei-hai-wei has long forgotten its days as Port Edward. The British gave up control of the city in 1922. It's now known as Weihai. Under the communist government's language reform, Tsingtao is now known as Qingdao. It's a bustling port and industrial center and, oddly enough, a favorite vacation spot for the Chinese. They find it interesting to visit what looks like a German city on the shores of Jiaozhou Bay, and the swimming is good.

But the city is best known to the world

for Tsingtao beer, still spelled the old-fashioned way and available in many of America's Chinese restaurants. The brewery was founded during the town's German colonial days. It remains as a strange legacy of Germany's long-lost overseas empire.

TO FIND OUT MORE, CHECK OUT...

Dragons, Gods & Spirits from Chinese Mythology by Tao Tao Liu Sanders. Illustrations by Johnny Pau. Published by Schocken, 1980. This big, beautiful book presents ancient Chinese folklore about dragons and their special powers and retells three classic dragon tales. Also covered are legends and superstitions about other Chinese creatures. Wonderful full-color paintings and black-and-white drawings. Map, index.

China...in Pictures (Visual Geography Series) prepared by Stephen C. Feinstein. Published by Lerner Publications Co., 1989. Great photos and drawings, many in color, let you see what China really looks like, from the traditional countryside to the modern cities. A simple text highlights China's history, government, economy, culture, and more. Maps, index.

Sun Yat-sen (World Leaders Past & Present) by Jeffrey G. Barlow. Published by Chelsea House Publishers, 1987. Find out why Sun Yat-sen was called "the George Washington of China." This biography relates Dr. Sun's dream of a united, democratic China and traces his life from village boy to revolutionary leader to president of China and beyond. Color and black-and-white photos and drawings, map, timeline, index.

China from Manchu to Mao (1699-1976) by John R. Roberson. Published by Atheneum,

1980. How and why did six-year-old Pu Yi, the last emperor of China, lose his throne? Find out in this survey of Chinese history, which also tells more than Indy learned about the Boxer Rebellion, Sun Yat-sen, and China's role in World War I. Photos, prints, map, index.

The Martial Arts by Susan Ribner and Dr. Richard Chin. Published by Harper & Row, Publishers, 1978. Drawings, prints.

Arms & Armor (Eyewitness Books) by Michele Byam. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1988. Photos, drawings, index.

Learn about the weapons and tactics used in the duel between Colonel Masahiro and Baron von Dieben. *The Martial Arts* offers a good look at kendo, the sword fighting art of the samurai warriors. Also discussed are the philosophy and techniques of kung fu, judo, and karate. *Arms & Armor* showcases samurai swords, sabers, and a great many other weapons through dozens of full-color pictures.

Marco Polo (The World's Great Explorers) by Zachary Kent. Published by Childrens Press, 1992. Professor Jones never got a chance to study Marco Polo's visit to China, but you can. This lively account of the Venetian's travels describes the amazing Chinese civilization that Polo saw in the late 1200s. Color photos and drawings, map, timeline, glossary, index.

The Planes They Flew in World War I by David C. Cooke. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.,

1969. At Tsingtao, Indy saw some of the first airplanes ever used in battle. This book has excellent black-and-white photographs of many famous German, British, French, American, and Italian warplanes. Includes technical data on horsepower, maximum speed, wingspan, and weapons.

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